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APRIL 1974

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APRIL 1974

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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Ken Dryden arrived in the NHL in 1971, and left as the winner of 1973. During that time, he won the Conn Smythe Trophy as best player in the Stanley Cup playoffs, the Calder Memorial Trophy as the best newcomer to the league, the Vezina Trophy as the league's best goaltender, two Stanley Cups with the Montreal Canadiens, and two of the crucial Moscow games in the 1972 Team Canada-Soviet series. An instant superstar.

There's another Ken Dryden: the young law student, the mild-mannered gentleman who has you in awe when you sit in a hockey arena, the articulate observer. The only last you ever get during games of the introspective Ken Dryden occurs during a break in play when he stands passively on the side, arms folded over the stick perched on his blade before him, silent and watching. In his short NHL career, the star has become his origin.

He left hockey to attend law at the Toronto law firm of Osher, Hoskins and Barcourt, for a salary of less than 10% of what he had been making playing hockey. "It's been a painful investment," he says. And it gave him an opportunity to try things he'd been curious about, like a new

position in hockey. On his first shift on the ice, the newest defenseman for the Vukobas Canadiens (a team in the Toronto equivalent league) scored his first goal ever. He hasn't scored since. He also suffered the worst injury hockey has in the draft line—severe stomach ache on the eye.

The year out of hockey has given Martin's readers something as well: an insightful view of Soviet hockey by one who has recently faced the Russian teams (see page 36). Had he not had the year free from hockey, we might never have shared in what he learned. "One of the most interesting aspects," he says, "is that they have a lot of the same hockey problems as we have, like parity. In the Soviet Union there are traditionally good teams and bad ones. They also face the same retirement difficulties, the change from being special to just being ordinary."

He'll not soon forget the people he met during those weeks in Moscow and Leningrad. And they won't soon forget him. As the great Soviet goaltender of the 1950s, Nikolai Puchkov, told him when they met in Leningrad: "Now you've got all our goaltenders looking on their heels."



# HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE CAN SHORTEN YOUR LIFE

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THE VIEW FROM HERE / PETER C. NEWMAN

## Facing the threat of enlightenment

Sure, many of our politicians tell the truth only when they're contradicting themselves. There's a kind of false deployment of the forces within the personalities of our party leaders which almost guarantees that their best chance for achievement is through underachievement. And certainly Prairie alienation, which remains the time-bomb within Confederation, isn't even being thought about, much less being solved by the abstractions of that strange Duncanson-on-the-Rockies card that pretends to be governing us. We continue to sell off the wealth that makes wealth just as fast as buyers can be found. We seem to be managing the difficult trick of actually moving backward from a nation of homesteaders to becoming squatters on our own land.

And yet I sometimes get the feeling that history is conspiring on our behalf. Our currency is one of the world's soundest; we are the only industrialized nation on earth that produces enough oil to meet its own needs. Prices are much too high (as the feature on food costs in this issue amply documents), but our inflation rate is sparkling at slightly below the world average. Our cities remain oases of civility on a continent where most urban areas are becoming armed camps.

It may not be that, ultimately at least, we're finally beginning to understand what's really distinctive about being Canadian — a feeling that flows out of a perception of the contrast between what we've been able to preserve on the northern half of this subcontinent and what others have lost. If we can find the leaders willing to defend our heritage — economic, social and cultural — the end of the 20th century could still belong to Canada, though not quite in the way Sir Wilfrid Laurier imagined. We're not going to become a world storehouse for other people's wealth. Instead, we shall have to husband our resources and export only the surplus we clearly don't need. Defining where the long-term public interest lies in such matters is difficult enough for politicians to determine. But many of the really important decisions that will fundamentally affect and transform our future are being made not by parliament but by such regulatory agencies as the National Energy Board. If the NEB is to take the public interest seriously into account, it must provide a mechanism for hearing directly from the people. That will require the funding of third-party interventions which represent no vested interests. Direct public participation before regulatory bodies has already established its usefulness in dissuading commercial logging from Ontario's Quincey Park and halting the ill-conceived development of Alberta's Lake Louise. The many developments now being rattled off for the Canadian North are particularly susceptible to direct-door decisions because most of their operations will fall directly under the Canadian oil and gas regulations. These are not statutes (as they would be if the territories were provinces) and require no formal approval or even parental by parliament.

During the recent past, the National Energy Board has amply demonstrated its stability or unwillingness to represent adequately the national interest. For one thing, it is badly underfunded and instead of doing its own research often relies for its assessments on data supplied by industry sources. Only such outside groups as the Canadian Arctic Resource Committee, which is made up of some of Canada's leading scientists and independent thinkers like Dr. John Deusch of Queen's University, can provide objective inputs on these crucial issues.

Politicians and particularly bureaucrats get feeling edgy and threatened whenever they're faced by real people with live opinions. They shouldn't be. They are being threatened only with enlightenment.

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## The benign hostility of Senator Chiles

Every now and then, something happens that defines the difference between the Canadian and American systems of government, and reminds us that power moves in quite different ways in the two national capitals. In Ottawa, power moves around in concentric rings from the center, in Washington, it moves through a labyrinth and may pop out anywhere. In the Canadian capital, action can be taken, by and large, only through the cabinet; in the American capital, the executive branch, Congress, an individual senator or even a senator and servant can act independently. We know the difference in theory, but in practice, we often forget, and act often react.

Consider the case of Senator Lawton Chiles, an ambitious Democrat from Lakeland, Florida. In January he went back to Florida on a fence-mending trip and found that his constituents were pretty damn mad about the shortage and high price of gasoline. He got one letter that said, in part, "You got no guts or you would have done something about this. Put your action where your mouth was!" That's the kind of message that sends a chill up any politician's spine, but what to do?

He couldn't attack the Arabs — Harry Kravitz was warning that force of country without visible success — and he saw no point in railing against the oil countries — they are

used to being ruled at — so he decided to attack Canada. His foreign affairs aide, a bright and personable young man named Colin Bradford, told him that Canada had raised its oil prices through an export tax, from \$4.66 to \$10.66 a barrel since September. It was true, Bradford noted, that no Canadian oil goes into Florida, and so Canadians could hardly be blamed for the shortages and prices there; on the other hand, the Canadian energy minister, Donald Macdonald, was about to visit Washington, so that any attack on Canada was bound to make the news. This would let the folks back home know that Senator Chiles was on the job. (I am not making any of this up. I am reporting the scenario pitched out for me by Senator Chiles' aides, who were proud of it. Colin Bradford told me that "Had somebody else been coming to Washington, we would probably have attacked some other country; that was not an anti-Canada thing, it was a domestic thing.")

Accordingly, the Senator drew up a resolution, "That it be the sense of the Senate . . . that the United States views with utmost concern recent oil price increases and that such actions by these countries should not be taken without regard . . . for the possibility of reciprocal action by the United States." When he drafted the resolution, Senator Chiles, as Bradford noted, "let himself go on the language" with a new toward exploring Macdonald's visit. He said, "Many Canadians urge and complain about our much power and influence that United States has over their lives. Now they are in a sense hijacking an million dollars a day out of our pockets." There is just no way that I can see that Canada can make a unilateral action as it has, with total disregard for the power we have to strike back at the jugular of some of Canada's industry."

The results of this rhetoric were gratifying. A warm glow emanated from the letters and editorial both home, and Canada kept like a whiplash. Macdonald showed that he thought Chiles' understanding of Canada's oil situation was deficient, and while our editorial writers vented and flung angry adjectives, he went on Canadian TV and before Canadian audiences to explain the price hikes.

In due course, William Simon, the American energy czar, announced that he was satisfied with Macdonald's explanation of the situation, and everybody on the Canadian side rejoiced. Our ambassador, Mured Cullen, sent along a note to Chiles tak-

ing if he could drop over to explain anything, but Chiles said no thanks.

There was general agreement, in the press and among state-diplomats, that Macdonald had covered himself with glory and put Chiles in his place.

So we can all relax. Well, no, not quite. On February 4, the day the *Globe and Mail* interpreted Macdonald's move as a major success, Chiles introduced a bill into the Senate, where it was speedily referred to the Committee on Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs. The purpose of this bill is to amend the Export Administration Act of 1969 to allow the President to impose export controls "when necessary to bring about adjustments in economic policies, or actions by foreign countries." This was no sense-of-the-Senate rhetoric, this was a proposal for action. The Export Administration Act is up for renewal on June 30, and this bill, if passed, could be in place next fall. It would allow the Americans, if they wanted to persuade us to bring down the price of oil, simply to block all shipments of coal, or bauxite, or computers, or anything, until we came to heel. This bill is precisely what Chiles called it, a kind of "nuclear capability" for the use in an economic war.

But he produced no reaction whatever. Our press, diplomats and politicians all appear to have taken Simon's statement at the end of the Chiles Affair — in Canada, such a statement from a man of cabinet rank would have ended it — but Washington is not Ottawa. Simon does not speak for the U.S. government, only for one branch of it, and the Chiles affair is far from over.

It is interesting and ironical that we started like a frightened fawn at the shadow of Chiles, but now that he stands behind us, bellowing a worded of war, we are staring, with a fixed smile, in the opposite direction.

### PARADE

Earlier this year the House of Commons became embroiled in a controversy which resulted from the RCMP's interception of a computer card which had been mailed from a student in Sudbury to another in Cobourg, Ontario. The card contained a confused message and was addressed only with a code name and the intended recipient's zip code. The RCMP took this to be a breach of security; others took the RCMP's intervention as an invasion of privacy. The two are still corresponding as members of the People's Republic of Poetry. Macdonald's recently got a con-



Senator Chiles (letting himself go)



Make it with Gilbey's...the tall n frosty one.

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You're at the controls of a powerful diesel locomotive, pulling a train of more than a hundred cars. Ahead of you, the track stretches through a built-up industrial area. As you pass a level crossing, signals clang and lights flash. But you remain alert—a special message from the dispatcher is coming through on the radiotelephone.

Reason enough for a novice engineer to be nervous. But don't be. This isn't the main line between Toronto and Montreal. This is the computerized locomotive and train simulator at Canadian National's Training Centre at Gimli, 60 miles north of Winnipeg.

Years ago, the area was used as a training centre for Canadian Forces and NATO pilots. Today, CN operates 10 classrooms there, along with living quarters for students, training staff and their families.

The simulator was developed by CN's research centre in Montreal in cooperation

with Operations and Maintenance personnel. Called Oscar III, it uses full audio, visual and motion systems to recreate the experience of operating a train as much like the real-life situation as possible in a classroom.

But the school has evolved, since its opening in 1972, into more than a place to train engineers. Since then, more than 900 men have gone through their paces at Gimli; 332 engineers, 69 dispatchers, 40 master mechanics and 500 operating and transportation officers, including general yardmasters and chief train dispatchers. Not only CN people, either. Some came from other railways, some were trained for service in Africa.

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your bones. The side curtains have been replaced by wind-up windows. And on the road, the 1700cc twin carb engine gives you effortless performance with the tachometer red-lined at 6000 rpm.

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EDUCATION / BY EL SCHACHTER

## Up the campus corporation

With his open-necked shirt, sweater, and youthful countenance, Michael McTeigue doesn't look like a corporate chieftain. Nor do his surroundings reflect corporate status. A simple ask desk. No lush carpeting, golf courses, or tropical stretches.

But 21-year-old McTeigue is president and chief executive officer of the McGill Student Entrepreneurial Agency Inc. MSEA is a nonprofit corporation, an apparent contradiction in terms which arises not because MSEA doesn't generate more revenue than expenses (although generally it does), but because there are no owners and any "profits" must be fed back into the firm. The corporation is completely student managed, and its employees are all students. The only people over 30 are the business leaders and professors recruited for the Board of Advisors and even that board's chairman is a student.

MSEA was founded in the Summer of 1984, when the credits of students were being consumed by rebellious students, when corporations were a dirty word on campus, and profit an obscenity. Montreal was suffering through the post-Ego slump. Summer jobs were scarce, and businessmen, scorned by the 20-million events on campus, were reluctant to hire students.

Well, if the corporation won't come to the campus, the campus must in-

vent one of its own, partly to create jobs for students, partly to provide experience for the business men of tomorrow, and partly to serve as a link between the then-hostile university and business communities.

If corporations wouldn't hire students MSEA would. The small hand of corporate entrepreneurs opened agencies in a variety of fields where they saw the chance to make a buck for students. Computer keypunching services were offered to industry. Bartenders were trained and rented out for parties. Charter flights were organized. Flights were organized as camps. A weekly business newspaper was distributed door-to-door.

But the corporation's growth and joy were at market research division and in Simon Cox Bar. Each demanded different talents, each demonstrated the imagination, devotion and competence of a generation that is ready of its older tradition.

The market research division treated the student as the white collar professional they expected to become, using the skills they were acquiring in marketing, mathematics and social sciences courses. The students earned cut surveys for a number of major corporations, formulating the questionnaire, interviewing the subjects, and compiling and interpreting the results—all at rates well below their competitors. Each year, they run a massive analysis survey, "CampusLife," in which the top companies pay \$4,000 each for the chance to visit students of 17 universities about their purchasing habits.

The Gas Bar didn't have quite the same status or appeal. Its workers had to get their hands dirty. But if its workers weren't doing their summer training, they were learning about work, fatigue, and how to smile to a customer when it was cold and rainy and exams were pressing. The stakes were slightest in the trade, but have piling 14,000 gallons a month when the students took over, three months later it reached 30,000 gallons. Motorsists learned that students who were briefly taking their professors hard to run the university still weren't too proud to check the oil and clean the windshield. It was perhaps a ludicrous place for professors to struggle, but it worked, and about \$25,000 in student salaries were disbursed annually.

The concept spread. While MSEA experienced difficulties, tutoring on the brink of bankruptcy after an annual cadre of entrepreneurs graduated, students at other Canadian universities set out to imitate the project. Perhaps the most successful were

those at Carleton University, whose operation rose far above their rivals. Carleton's MSEA, now named Antistudent Herb Mentele, averages a full-time complement of some 20 drivers paid out \$250,000 in salaries to some 1,000 students over the past two years. Nothing is too large or too modest for the corporation at Carleton. They offer typing, tutoring, bartending and skate-sharpening services to the public, patrol the Rideau Canal skating facility in winter and Ottawa's bike trails in summer, and hawk everything from fruit to waterbeds at carfairs. Last semester, having raised a healthy profit during the school term, they purchased a few trucks and began painting and landscaping homes. They eventually landed a contract to lay 35,000 square feet of tile outside the new Lester B. Pearson External Affairs Building.

Many businessmen have found that hiring individuals fresh from the university world can be hopelessly frustrating. McTeigue and Motorsists can play only such people, and it has left them somewhat cynical. "Students expect to make a lot of money in the future, so they won't take a keep job," notes McTeigue. "If the job is interesting — fine. They'll take it, earn a little money, then go off and spend it."

"It's hard to get students who are dependable," adds Mentele with a note of bitterness. "Last summer we needed people to hold out pamphlets at two dollars an hour. They gave good pay — but we just couldn't find the people. Everyone wants to be a chef. They all want to sit behind a desk and manage. Students come in here begging for a job. Two weeks later, they say, 'You should be grateful for what I'm doing for you.'"



Michael McTeigue, chairman of the board

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But whenever the problems of income and training students, creating new agencies, and generating enough capital to meet the monthly overhead, the modest expenditures still manage to continue operations, providing management training for the Mafapan and the Mucufin, and handing out salaries to hundreds of other students. When MSEA opened its Gas bar four years ago, Prime Minister Trudeau would be congratulating, concluding with the hope: "May you never run out of gas." The gas station has since closed, but it was a nice thought. At least they haven't run out of energy.

LIFESTYLES / PAMELA ANDERSON

## Order of the Garter: Move out

The day before Mother's Day in 1971, approximately 45 miles south-west of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, self-speakers Eric Wuchla, his wife Waldine and their two sons Steven and Ronald, moved out of their beautiful old farmhouse into a new ordering bungalow right alongside it. "It was the second Mother's Day present I ever received," said Waldine.

For the first 20 years of her married life, Waldine had shared her home with an ever-increasing number of guests, making it eventually the mainstay look over the old homestead which had belonged to Eric's father before him.

The Wuchlas' long battle with the snakes is unusual but not unique in southern Saskatchewan. I have heard of three other families who have moved out of their current homes, and there may be others. It's not something people like to talk about much.

The Wuchlas' house was built around 1905 when the first pioneers began moving into the area. Over the years improvements had been made, extra rooms had been added, until it had become a beautiful two-story house with a hip roof.

Waldine was her first snake in 1951. As usual in these cases, canned goods and vegetables were stored in the hot basement, crunched through a hole in the kitchen floor. When Wal-

dine, only recently arrived from Ontario, went down to fetch potatoes for supper that September afternoon after helping Eric in the fields, she came up squawking and shaking. Crawling through the potatoes on the floor she had seen snakes.

One day the following spring, Waldine filled her washing machine full of hot soapy water and went to collect the week's dirty laundry from a closet beneath the chimney. Returning to the washing machine with an armful of Eric's workshirts, she saw a snake slithering through them, just below her face. Screaming, she dropped the load, snake and all, into the soiling water.

When Steven was born, Waldine, who didn't have a refrigerator, was in the habit of keeping fresh a supply of baby formula in a pan of cold water in the cellar. One day when a few days she discovered the little black and yellow snakes wound around the baby's bottles. Although the snakes were protected inside the bottles, she flatly refused to use them and, instead, made the baby wait until she had refilled another one, purchased the milk, and made up a new formula for Steven.

Guest snakes normally give live birth to a brood of 20 or more, the young being able to survive without food for months if necessary, so it was not surprising that every year brought more and more snakes around the house.

Waldine was an excellent cook and she loved nothing better than to set a neatly laid table for company. One Sunday afternoon she was about to serve supper when the milking cart came in, overturned and tilted, contemplating a snake as it crawled in and out of an electrical outlet on the wall beside the table. She decided to ignore it, but no one spoke much, and her visitors left early.

Lately, in fact, friends of the Wuchlas became fearful and understanding. In fact, one neighbor three miles away began to have the same problem. "He couldn't understand why his well water got so riled up," Eric said, "until he discovered it was full of snakes. Mine was too. I thought there might be one down there but I found out there was a cluster of about 40 or 50 inside the well. The snakes were just under the pump. Poor Lucky! It wasn't our drinking water. We only used it for washing. A couple of cups of Javen made them let go and then I could fish them out. But you had to be careful of the Javen. Too much and the water was no good for anything."



When the snakes moved in, the Wuchlas left.

Eventually they took over the house. "They were behind all the walls," Eric said. "We never knew when one would fall down on our head, and it was nothing for the boys to fill a five-gallon pail in two days."

The University of Saskatchewan advised the Wuchlas they could burn their house down, surround it with lime, or dig a ditch and fill it with calcium chloride into which, presumably, the snakes would slide and die.

The former owners would leave the Wuchlas family homeless, the other was out of the question with children around. There was nothing left but to learn to live with them. They did—for 20 years.

In 1971 he took Eric, with the help of friends and neighbors, about three months to build a new home for Waldine. The new house is built on a firm, snake-proof concrete foundation and its walls are built of solid concrete blocks which provide their own insulation. The Wuchlas are taking no chances.

LOOHPHOLES / JAMES CLARE

Happiness in 1980, says our Minister of National Welfare, Marc Lalonde, is \$390-a-month government special assistance plus whatever Old Age Security is at that time. He says we can thus have a "dear conscience" about old people.

What the minister neglects to add to that pretty picture is points of the Canada Pension Plan (also the Quebec Pension Plan) is that only three out of every 100 persons will be eligible for that \$350—60,000, or 2,226,000. And half of all those persons won't get a penny.

If every pensioner could count on getting the maximum, the contribution rate for the CPP/QPP would have to be more than four times

ERIC WUCHLA AND WALDINE WUCHLA: COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN; ERIC WUCHLA: COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN; ERIC WUCHLA: COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN



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Pop some ice in a glass, splash in Bacardi Light-Amber rum, Honest, direct, down to earth. Yet always smooth, surprisingly subtle. One of life's simplest pleasures.



today's level—15.6% instead of 3.6%.

You don't have far your own money. David Lewis, who came 25th June 23, can raise to a \$904.48 monthly CPP appeal. His contribution to the CPP began in 1946 will total \$1,446. In the first 24 months of retirement, it just enough interest will be returned to him.

But David Lewis probably won't die then. Theoretically, he'll have 144 months left. And 14 years of CPP benefits will mean David Lewis will collect \$19,045.12 more and beyond will be over contributed.

Consider now a poor man, with earnings equal only to half the CPP maximum, and who also turns 65 this June. He too will get some subsidy above what he actually contributed, but some \$7,450 less than Lewis.

Sounds to me like "upside-down" welfare.

WOMEN / THELMA DICKMAN

## Liberated Radio: No chicks, broads or girls allowed

The turntables are whirly, the volume controls are anorexic, and the microphone has to be held high. The control room is full of young women as blue jeans, and the steady flow of conversation includes many (various) too many) episodes of "Word Bazaar! Far out!" and "This is much!" The radio show is a blend of commercial rock music (you won't hear the Rolling Stones or Bob Dylan's *Just Like a Woman* here), interviews, criticism of the arts, disc jockey music and some very funny and honest comments on contemporary female life.

It's Toronto's Radio Free Women, a frankly feminist group of 25 women who are trying to set up a non-commercial, nonprofit FM community radio station.

Currently the two-hour show is being broadcast (every Tuesday, from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.) by Radio Varsity, the University of Toronto radio, with a range of a few hundred yards at best if you're not an insider, largely at. Radio Varsity is on the FM frequency of 96.3 — still a very limited audience. But right now that isn't the important thing for RFW. The women are too busy learning how to be announcers, technicians and programmers to be concerned about their

coverage. And if their brief to the CRIC, later this year, is successful they can then use their FM radio band and transmitter, by then they'll be good enough to stand up against any of the commercial stations.

Why Radio Free Women? "Why not?" asks Pat Woods, one of the founders of RFW. "It's as good a name as Manpower. Nobody gets all sexist about that, because they're used to it. Now, if the men changed the name to Manpower, perhaps we'd consider calling ourselves Radio Man. But no!"

But why Radio Free Women at all? RFW, like you, are based with several like it in commercial Toronto station runs one that got something like, "They, girls, if you'd like to get into our pants, come on down to us..."; if you're tired of interviews and song lyrics that refer to women as chicks, broads or girls, or if you're just plain interested in the art of living in Toronto, RFW is trying to get it together for you.

It isn't easy to do this in Toronto, a city made up of many small communities — at last count there were 1,000 separate community organizations, and 135 community newspapers, trying to serve them.

When Judy Girard and Pat Woods, social workers and co-founders of RFW, were working for the YWCA, they found constantly that women had no way to talk to each other as women — and that they wanted to do so. One day a friend, working for a monthly community newsletter, mentioned that most of the events listed in the newsletter were out of date before the letter could be delivered. A letter, friends were needed — hence RFW was born.

"Most of the groups in the city are fragmented into their own traps," says Woods. "Whether it's women's groups,

teen-ages, immigrants, you name it. We want to provide a focus for those organizations, for the ethnic groups, the immigrants, the blacks. We want to have outstanding programming. We want to say what we like about play, movies, television, and City Hall without having to worry about some administrative red-tape support."

Programming is, of course, particularly female: included in a recent news broadcast was the information that Vietnamese women wearing nylon underpants are being turned into human debaters for the thousands of unemployed women, based in Vietnamese and. It's the ethnic electricity that does it. I wonder how Earl Cameron would handle that on the CRIC news? (The difference, ladies and gentlemen, between a man and a woman reading that particular sort of information over the airwaves would be that a man would present it as being funny.)

"The whole enterprise was conceived by women, is being put together by women and will be managed and operated by women," comments Girard. "Women's view of herself, and men's view of her, has been distorted through the deliberate misrepresentation of commercial media." She cites the case of the newspaperman who wrote a column about RFW, contemptuously referring to them as "the girls," and the musician who wrote that "they're waiting around like has something like words to get off her chest (except maybe a ball to come in...)"

And I reflect that it was indeed a funny thing to write. And I decide that Radio Free Women is a pretty good name for the station, after all.

Several commercial stations have recently become interested in hiring RFW shows, 20 women are taking a course offered to them, and subsidized by, Humber College that will take them through 10 weeks of taping, editing, producing and programming radio shows, the YWCA has dipped in \$3,500, and because of a \$9,000 LIP grant, Judy and Pat are drawing small salaries, as are five part-time workers. Student engineers are drawing up specifications for a full-time operation. They need \$35,000 to purchase capital equipment and \$90,000 annually to maintain, and if the CRIC gives them the nod — and if they don't get it from the government or from business — they plan to go after it through hard selling.

Far out! Too much! and also, beautiful!

Thelma Dickman is a Toronto freelance writer.



Judy Girard, Pat Woods, RFW founders

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## YOUR VIEW

### Widow's wisdom

Betty Jane Wylie's article on widowhood, *At The Men Of A Last* (February), was refreshing reading. After so much of the denigrating of the institution of marriage which is current in every publication today, and with which our society is polluted, it is like a breath of fresh air to find someone honestly grieving for a beloved mate of 20 years. Mrs. Wylie says more for the value of a good marriage than I have seen or pine for a long time. She may be a "biblical-type widow, poor and sorrowful" but she is rich indeed as widows. She knows how to accept the inevitable, and keep her God given sense of humour intact. Thank you for a piece of sensitive writing.

JAY MULLIN, PRINCE GEORGE, BC

I think the story by Betty Jane Wylie in your February issue, of her golden widowhood, is the most moving story of bereavement I have read.

It tells so personally of the heartaches suffered I guess daily by many many widows. So many of us today have forgotten the meaning of the words chastity and fidelity and so we have increasing divorce and separation rates — freedom for what in later years.

Our heartful compassion goes out to her and to all many others.

C. C. CORNWELL, TORONTO

As I have become widowed myself, I would like to point out to Mrs. Wylie that widowhood is certainly not any worse than being a lonely widow. The acute pointed out in her excellent article seriously apply in both cases. And I would just like to congratulate Mrs. Wylie, for writing such a true to life article.

B. MOREHOUSE, SAINT JOHN, NB

### Just the facts, Ms.

Myra Kovach's *Rating the character* as a *Chrysler* male (January) was accurate and rendered well "what was left" and said at the conference on Women in Canadian Literature.

However, according to the article, I labeled Corra (and Tobey) as having written "gossipoids" literature. I certainly did not bring of German origin. I am too much concerned of Guelbels and Co by the word "gossipoids".

I consider Corra an *honorary* *reput* and some Canadian women writers fall into the same category. They are, like Corra, sensitive to

human suffering and integrity and use their art to criticize our society. MARGARET ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN, DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGE, UNIVERSITY OF SUTHERLAND, and CHAIRPERSON, C.A.T., COMMITTEE OF THE STATUS OF WOMEN ACADEMIES

In the "Women" section of your January issue you have printed that "... someone" quoted the novelist Marjorie Callaghan as saying Margaret Laurence "wrote just this side of soap opera" and the collective "her" was "her".

Serious? The piece of ridiculous gossip is unworthy of Marjorie's flow far would you go before feeling that editorial responsibility was involved? There is no record of me making such a remark about Miss Laurence's work. Yet you have put out this story — to be quoted, no doubt.

You owe your readers an apology. You owe Margaret Laurence an apology, and you owe me one too.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN, TORONTO

### Call to attention

Will anyone spot David Freeman — by John Holman (January)? No. It's good for him, and may be good for others.

The disabled have been overlooked by society, and when noticed (as the usual, in the personal office) have been dismissed as those who are unable to do anything productive.

David Freeman is producing, and suddenly, the literary, the cultural, and the academic — in print — that the handicapped are human beings with intelligence and potential. Moreover, they have emotional and (gasp!) sexual needs. Constantly frustrated only the most penetrating have been able to claim what is their due — a job, a home, love, acceptance.

By being a spokesman for the handicapped, by being an example of a handicapped person who "made it," David Freeman is a phenomenon. One wonders, however, if the publicity he is being given will actually change the status of the general public, if one day the handicapped person will be accepted as a writer or painter or politician without concern at all his condition.

LINDA ANNELYS FREE, TORONTO

### The pains of Cornwall

I read with interest *Living on the Plains at Cornwall* (January) by John Gault. I have great much thought to the subject of Anglo-French Canadian relations and am fearful for the future. I am strongly opposed to the government spending millions on bilingualism, which will never solve Canada. These huge sums of money would be better spent in the province of Quebec, where it belongs rather than have it spread all over Canada where it really doesn't mean a thing.

MR. MERVIN WILLIAMS, KENY, BC

For the most part, John Gault's article on the high-school situation in Cornwall is strictly laughable.

If you want a few truths about good — old St. Lawrence High in the 1950s, let me oblige you.

It was run like a military school, or should I say prison — where silence and single file between classes was enforced by teachers who were more than willing to hit you with yardsticks where military training was compulsory for each class or you didn't pass your year.

It was a school where the vice-principal was known and feared as "The Whip", where the rifle range for young boys (I was 13) fired live air

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reminders of gestures of German soldiers. A school where some teachers didn't hesitate to hit children in the face with their fists (I use this done several times) and when students had their faces slapped for talking. Not exactly Rosen 222, was it?

Incidentally, the only thing I like about Carroll is the French-Canadian and not because they ever wanted to be, but because the English-speaking employers and civic leaders (who were mostly of British, Jewish and Syrian stock) wouldn't have it any other way.

RONALD L. WARDEN,  
SOUTHAMPTON, ENGL.

## Teacher's comments

Alas, Fetheringham's amazing and perceptive article, *Don't enter Montreal* (February) was missed by one plucky generalization and one misstatement of fact.

The generalization was the reference to the "vast legion French mind with its passion for precision." Unless Mr. Fetheringham really believes that French people are inherently more logical than Anglo-Americans (or Chinese or Russians for that matter), I do wish he wouldn't trot out such wide stereotypes to explain the callosities of our last election. There have been Quebec elections that were by no means unfair and were certainly not logical and I know quite a lot of educated French Canadians whose entire foundation on the issue of language rights defies all logic except that of the heart.

The misstatement of fact occurred in the reference to the "8,500 English-speaking teachers who had been paid above-scale by the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal." The author goes on to say that these teachers have refused to cross sports teams after school because "they have been leveled to the scale of French-speaking Roman Catholic School boards." While we have some 11,000 English-speaking teachers in Quebec, only 2,700 are employed by PSBQM and of those only 850 entered actual salary scales last year.

D. R. FRASER, PRESIDENT MONTREAL  
TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

## Murder in the abstract

The journalistic technique demonstrated in Walter Stewart's *A Test of One: Bob Starfield in the Yukon* (February) is character assassination by suggestion. In *Strong Truckers in Power* the author presented a daring indictment of the Prime Minister based on concrete, documented evi-

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6th prize: 6th prize	125,000
7th prize: 7th prize	100,000
8th prize: 8th prize	75,000
9th prize: 9th prize	50,000
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days, regardless of one's political sympathies one had to pay serious attention to Stewart's argument. In this most recent article by Stewart, however, one is given an incredibly damning portrait of 10 men with absolutely nothing in support of the judgment. I think we can fairly demand more of ourselves than a childish and gossipy ("well we all know what they're like, don't we") slur at federal politicians.

D. D. LORICK, OTTAWA

## Seeing the light

Considering the column by Alexander Ross, *Silk Lights* and a *Silk Tassel* before at City (January), the proposed Yonge Street lighting will use 500-watt incandescent lamps. A 175-watt Metal Halide lamp will give more light and with all the color anybody could want. The incandescent system will require covering of the street and will cost more. The black iron fixtures proposed will look nice, but they would look better with a modern light source. Why casual choicists inefficient equipment just to be different? Reduced is right! Personality I'd prefer the new, different and better.

JOHN BAILEY, DUNDAS, TORONTO

## Heaven is beneath us

What with *Maclean's* being heavy on the Canadiana emphasis, I'm so glad Alan Hughes' *The New Zealand Arrivee* (January) was accepted! I wouldn't want all Canadianism to suddenly invade that debate table corner of the Pacific — New Zealand. But it truly is a land of enchantment. The variety, the landscapes, the unexpected change in flavor from Australia, the mingled "Maori-pakeha" heritage, the whole rhythm of these two islands — all add up to more than one could wish for. Many thanks to Mr. Hughes for his mention of so very much in such a compact space.

KATHY DENNELL,  
CORNER BROOK, Nfld.

## Warm wishes

I loved and laughed at *Maclean's* 25 Ways To Keep Warm (February). It is nice to know that in these times of crises and troubles that Canadians can still take a light-hearted look at our problems.

MRG. JEAN GAYE, FRANKVILLE, ONT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO *Maclean's* MAGAZINE, Year Five, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.

# Mr. McGuinness' Promise.

I'll continue to sell my 5-year old Silk Tassel Whisky at the same price as 3-year old whiskies even though it's 2 years older and much smoother and that's that.



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# QUENCH YOUR TASTE



Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

A Maclean's Guide to the Food Price Crisis / by Walter Stewart

## Potluck in the Land of Plenty



Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To fetch her dog some bread.  
The bread was so dear  
She fought back a tear  
And ate it herself instead.

In all the welter of statistics, warnings, predictions, graphs and tables released in recent months on the vexed question of rising food costs one fact rings out like a tolling knell of doom: Canada produced about one billion pounds less milk last year than we did in 1969. Milk, the perfect food, a blessing to a nation and a commodity there is none of us, and less of it. While experts fret about politicians' blunders, and pressure groups push and shove for subsidies at the national trough, Canada's dairy herd yields slowly slide to the sea. Between 1961 and 1971 we gained 3.5 million people and lost 480,000 dairy cows. There are perfectly plausible explanations for this, and they have to do with increasing first price, higher labor costs, foreign competition and the general shoo-bell-without-apprise that has finally spread from city to farm. But whatever the explanations, they are not good enough. A nation that so often provides that it takes a glut of TV dinners and a shortage of milk is a nation whose approach can only be described as organized misery.

The articles on the following pages attempt to bring some order out of chaos by examining the way in which food is raised, marketed and used in this country. First, we break down the price structure of a dinner, to find out how the proceeds are shared between farmer, processor and retailer, as we must Eugene Whelan, Canada's Minister of Agriculture, an admitted exponent of reform, then we look at the way one supermarket giant operates to see what retail competition really means to consumers, and finally we examine the way Canadians — one of the world's most fortunate people, in the abundance of commodity food available — actually make use of their abundance.

There are a number of surprises in store for anyone who looks closely into the food industry. For example, Walter Stewart's smack on Canada Safeway Limited (page 30) suggests that supermarket giants are running up our grocery bill not because of any excess profits they make, but because of the

market methods they use to lure in new store costs.

This feature should be seen from the vantage point of a few rough statistics. Food prices in Canada rose by 17% in 1973, and will probably rise at least another 9% this year. Food prices have caught up to general wage gains, and the proportion of disposable income Canadians spend on food after deducting for a number of years to about 30%, will rise in the next two years to 30% or 31%. Although Canadians are better off than most nations, those dairy increases threaten us all, and particularly those on low and fixed incomes. On page 46 we examine the plight of one poor family caught in the price spiral.

There have, however, been some beneficiaries. Farm incomes have risen from disastrously low levels to more reasonable ones, wholesale prices of farm products, which dropped — despite increasing costs to the farmer — during 1970 and 1971, rose a whopping 23.4% in the period January to July 1973, enough to cover rising costs (18.6%) and more. Farmers have imposed a poor position, processors and retailers, who were already doing very well (food in supermarkets made 10.8% on every dollar received in 1970 and retailers made 11%), are, for the most part, making handsome profits. Average corporate profits rose 34% in the first half of 1973 (the latest data available) while the food processing companies were up 56% over 1972.

What all this suggests is that there are groups in the economy who stand to gain from jumps in food costs, and that, whatever public hand-wringing takes place before Kerpl Plumpkin's Food Prices Review Board, the pressure from those groups has not eased. What's needed is some cohesive policy to restore equilibrium to Canada's \$10-billion food industry, and make it much more responsive to public needs and budgets.

A look at our disarming dairy herd might be a good place to begin.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUNTLEY SHORN

# The Anatomy of a Dinner



The little pigs went to market and decided to join on the way. The owner with potatoes, peas, lower and potatoes, Oh, pity the people who pay

In a time of rapidly rising food prices most of us are concerned that we won't find that all-making-it-ordinary product at the consumer's expense. Some blame the farmers, others the supermarkets and still others the wholesalers and processors. Maclean's has tried to settle the question by examining the costs and profits behind the food of meat you might be putting on your family's table these days.

In the complex food industry it is very difficult to obtain reliable cost and profit figures. Individual variables are so important: an efficient farmer might be able to turn a profit when a less-efficient farmer can't. Some commodities are sold in two ways, by spot purchase or by contract, making it difficult to determine average prices from one week to the next. Growers' margins vary across the country as do freight charges and distribution costs. Retailers' prices are subject to the vagaries of supply and demand and to changing market strategies. Profits can turn into losses quicker than the list of an eye. Despite these difficulties, with the help of some advisors in the food industry Maclean's has prepared from the most reliable information possible the costs and profits involved in a typical meal served to a family of four.



PEAS

The family ate one pound of peas which grew each cost 10 cents in the supermarket. It cost the farmer four cents to produce them and he made a profit of two cents when he sold them to the processor for six cents. The processor's costs were six cents for the peas and 15 cents to haul them. He made a profit of seven cents when he sold them to the retailer for 18 cents. It cost the retailer five cents to merchandise the peas, bringing his total costs to 23 cents, and he made a profit of 15 cents.

PROFIT: FARMER 20 CENTS PROCESSOR SEVEN CENTS  
RETAILER 13 CENTS

## MILK

It cost the farmer 10 1/2 cents to produce one quart of milk. He made profit of three cents when he sold it to the processor for 22 1/2 cents. The processor's costs were 22 1/2 cents for the raw milk, plus 10 cents for making it chocolate. He made a profit of two cents when he passed it to the supermarket at 29 1/2 cents. The retailer's costs were 29 1/2 cents for the milk, plus five cents to handle it for a total of 34 1/2 cents. He sold it for 35 cents when he sold it to the family for 37 cents.

PROFIT: FARMER THREE CENTS PROCESSOR TWO CENTS  
RETAILER LOSS 2 1/2 CENTS

## ICE CREAM

The dessert was one part of chocolate ice cream made from 10 ounces of sterilized milk. The farmer's costs for producing the milk were 1 1/2 cents, and he made a profit of 5/2 of a cent when he sold it to the processor for 1 1/2 cents. It cost the processor 20 1/2 cents to run the milk (with several other ingredients) into ice cream, and he made a profit of three cents when he sold it to the supermarket for 26 cents. The retailer's costs were 26 cents for the ice cream, and 6 1/2 cents to sell it. He sold it for 49 cents, making a profit of 12 1/2 cents.

PROFIT: FARMER 3 1/2 CENTS  
PROCESSOR THREE CENTS  
RETAILER 12 1/2 CENTS



CHICKEN

The family shared the chicken. When you divided up the cost of this portion of approximately \$2.50, you found a cost for taking the chicken was 50 cents, and he made a profit of 10 cents when he sold them to the processor for \$1.00. The processor paid the \$1.00 plus 10 cents for shipping, packaging, etc. He made a profit of nine cents when he sold it to the retailer at \$1.71. The retailer's costs were \$1.71 for the chicken and 30 cents to merchandise it. He sold it for a profit of six cents, bringing the price at the end to \$2.01 for the family.

PROFIT: FARMER 15 CENTS PROCESSOR NINE CENTS RETAILER SIX CENTS

## TOTAL MEAL

The total cost of the meal for the family was \$3.76. It cost the farmers a total of \$1.28 to produce the commodities and their share of the final price was 24 cents. The processors' costs were \$2.63, and they made a total profit of 25 cents. The costs were highest at the retail level: \$3.48, and the profits were 27 cents.

## POTATOES

Two pounds of potatoes were used in the meal at a total cost to the family of 16 1/2 cents. It cost the farmer four cents to grow them, and he made a profit of two cents when he sold them to the processor for six cents. The processor paid five cents to haul them three cents to package the potatoes and he made a profit of two cents when he sold them to the retailer for 11 cents. The retailer paid 11 cents and 3 cents to haul 14 cents to sell the potatoes, bringing his total costs to 14 1/2 cents. He made a profit of 2 1/2 cents when he sold them for 16 1/2 cents.

PROFIT: FARMER 20 CENTS PROCESSOR TWO CENTS  
RETAILER 2 1/2 CENTS



## TOMATO JUICE

The farmer's cost for raising the tomatoes for four quarts of juice each was 4 1/2 cents. He made a profit of 1 1/2 cents when he sold them to the processor at 6 1/2 cents. The processor's cost in addition to the 6 1/2 cents was 1 1/2 cents, and he took a profit of two cents, putting the total up to 10 cents. The retailer paid three 10 cents plus 6 cents for merchandising costs, and he took a profit of 0.6 of a cent, for a grand total 18 1/2 cents.

PROFIT: FARMER 1 1/2 CENTS PROCESSOR TWO CENTS RETAILER 0.6 OF A CENT







## Gene Whelan: Foursquare for Farmers



The farmer in the dell  
Has lots of grub to sell.  
But if you aren't nice,  
And pay his price,  
Why, you can go to hell

Fred Risk, a retired stationery engineer but active politician, frowned over the kitchen table and wagged an angry finger at Gene Whelan. "We're in trouble on this cost-of-living thing," he said, "and you'd better go back and tell Docket Trudeau that if he doesn't get off his ass and do something, we're going to get whipped." He sank back in his chair, but his finger remained outstretched, pointing past the watered remains of one of Liz Whelan's magnificent Sunday breakfasts (during the Minister of Agriculture in his chair, imploring him there, Whelan looked pained like aghast, he heaved his hands heavenward, he rolled his eyes "Well, Jesus, Fred," he said, "it's not that simple.")

Fred snorted. A longtime Liberal party worker, a longtime farmer, he had come to the Whelan farm, just outside Amherstburg, Ontario, bearing a warning. He had been traveling not only in the riding but up into northern Ontario and everywhere he went the message was the same: people insert high food costs, they want something done, and if the Liberal government won't do it, then, dammit, they'll get on a Conservative government. And what does the Minister of Agriculture say? He says it's not that simple. That's politician's talk. Gene Whelan was coming to sound like a politician. Dorian was nudged on Fred Risk's face, he could

hardly believe what he was hearing. Whelan began to explain, in that low, slow voice. He hunched over the table, leaning on his elbows, with his large farmer's hands demolishing a breakfast roll. No one would ever call him pretty: with 257 pounds draped over a five-foot, 11-inch frame, he has the bodily context of a sack of barley, topped by a large head flamed in ginger-red growth. The eyes are small, blue and rather close set, the nose is long and strong, the mouth wide and there is a scar—a scar cut from his hockey days—on the right cheek. Despite looking like a genial brawler, however, he is an attractive man, in large part because of his riveting diction, quick intelligence and dry humor. He once told a farm meeting "I notice there are a lot of free entrepreneurs in agriculture when things are going good, but a lot of snobs around when things are going bad."

There is also, behind a native sarcasm, a surprising streak of humility. "I can hardly get used to the idea of being a cabinet minister," he growls, and sounds like a kid who has unexpectedly made the first team. When he was being sworn into office in November, 1972, he hesitated so long over signing the register that Regional and Economic Expansion Minister Don Jamieson called out "Bye W-H-E-L-A-N." But it wasn't spelling that

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# How Safeway Won The West



Yankee Doodle came to town,  
And set up stands of shops.  
His rivals claimed  
Their market was named  
And whistled for the cops.

Charlie Murphy was a southern old man, most would call him emery. He used to turn up at City Hall to complain about the roads around his Ranch Discount supermarket in east central Calgary. He frequently gave the whistler who supplied him a hard time. He wrote strong letters to government officials with considerable regularity. And so, when Charlie Murphy learned the nation the Canada Safeway Limited—the dominant food-selling firm in Alberta, was out to crush his supermarket, he fought back. Charlie had built this supermarket up from nothing. It was insured by coverage from the Ranch-Glen union which he had operated for years in successful competition with the big companies. Every time Charlie could swing out of the gas station or his other business ventures — Ranch on the stock market, wholesaling, anything that looked as if it might turn a profit — was plagued with the supermarket, which Charlie saw as the cornerstone of a burgeoning financial empire. When that empire-to-be was threatened, he took strong steps.

For example, Charlie would distribute a printed flyer in the neighborhood advertising, let's say, meat half off 49 cents a pound (this was in the 1980s). Charlie's flyer would come out on Monday, by Tuesday or Wednesday, Safeway would have its own flyer, matching Charlie's prices — not an easy Calgary Safeway of course, that would have been too expensive — but just in case very close to Ranch Discount. Charlie would then school kids to go around the neighborhood and gather up the Safeway flyers. He would drive to a Safeway store across town and stand outside, handing out flyers. "Don't forget the price inside," he would tell the customers. "and make sure you're getting the same deal." After a while, the Safeway people would come out and chase Charlie away but a was fun, he said.

For a time, the Calgary stores got into a low-level war. You could buy a pound of butter at Safeway for 29 cents, you could buy coffee for well below cost. Incredible happenings. In-

late every afternoon, Charlie would read the till of Ranch Discount and give every employee a handful of money. They would then go out to nearby Safeway and buy up the bargains, and the next day Charlie would tell them — still at a low cost to the customer, but at no profit to himself. It would be a law, of course. Charlie was a little guy fighting a giant; he was trying to bring down an elephant with a peashooter. Ranch Discount lost money year after year. Charlie wrote letters, he complained to prominent officials about unfair competition. He got some action from them, in fact on the low-level war, provincial officials said not down with Calgary supermarket officials and told them to lay off the fellow-cost sales or the province would pass a law to make them illegal; the low-level war stopped soon afterward, he tried to form an ad hoc committee of other independents in a like fix. He made two trips to Ottawa to tell the Commerce Branch of the Federal Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs (which is charged, under the Commerce Investigation Act, with maintaining "competitive environment" and guarding against "predatory practices") about an alleged Safeway monopoly; he complained to anyone who would listen, but he was being driven out of business.

In 1987, Charlie died (not in poverty, he's got that straight), his gas station business was well booming. Charlie died of a heart attack at the age of 67 while on a holiday in Hawaii, and his son Graham took over the business. The ongoing struggle with Safeway continued until 1990 when Ranch Glen could no longer afford to subsidize the supermarket, and Ranch Discount went into voluntary liquidation (it was wiped out after a divorce sale, and a bank at the old stand with a new owner who has a connection with a chain-store wholesaler).

But one of Charlie's little ploys had, in fact, proved the tide of the elephant. The Commerce Branch had taken up his cause; it launched an investigation and later a criminal action, charging Safeway with operating a monopoly. The government was not acting solely on

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# How to Save 60% and Still Eat Better



Jack Sprat could eat no fat  
His wife could eat no lean.  
They couldn't deny it.  
This imbalance diet  
Was not only costly but mean.

Canada is a country of overweight, non-poor vitamin deficient slobs. We don't get enough exercise to make weight on a healthy, we cut fat for many reasons and our food supply is going to the dogs. These revelations come straight from an outfit called Nutrition Canada, which recently published a report dispugning the nutritional state of the nation. This group was formed through federal and provincial cooperation to undertake the most comprehensive study ever done on the nutritional status of a country. After more than three years of peering under the table, examining blood counts, peering the arms and legs of otherwise normal Canadians with a battery of devices (some sort of a medical torture chamber, their verdict is, and it's not good. All these soft drinks you're being guinea to get down the potato chips you've been attacking are doing what you secretly know they would. Your teeth are going bad, your waistline is ballooning, and you're got the grey aging hair, the midweight waist to the coleslaw capsize are helping you down the path towards degeneration of body and soul.

Dr. Zak Salzman, who headed the Nutrition Canada study, found 60% of middle-aged Canadians overweight, rising of our men from poor — a situation we had previously associated with women and adults — our pregnant women are getting enough protein and more than half the population deficient in calcium and Vitamin D. Women are consistently worse off than men, a constant Nutrition Canada statistic is the effects of being, why, even with the whiter of 40 in their late thirties the stress of our cities, there are a whole lot of fat people running around.

By far the most interesting finding of the report is that nutritional deficiency is not happening to the poor. The bank manager down the block is just as likely to be poor as the family struggling to make ends meet on \$4,000 a year. It's not the size of the family wallet that is responsible, it's not the size of food, it's an inability or an unwillingness on the part of

Canadians to think before they eat and make food that is food for the family table. Sorry, guys, it's not. "We eat to satisfy caloric needs and this need is dictated by our level of activity. If it is an intake of 2,000 calories a day we get all the nutrients we need, then we are all right. If 3,000 of these 2,000 calories come from things like Big Macs and Coke which are almost pure calories without nutrients, then we are delaying our diet by 40%. The rest of what we eat that day will have to contain double the normal nutrients. We are introducing new foods into our diet, which is not doing us good, just calories."

Since the results of the survey have made it painfully clear that the Canada Food Bank we all stand in line for is not as large as it used to be, the writers in the north, we decided to ask the man who should know what we're to do about the food we eat. We went to see Dr. Salzman (who is not a fat looking and was wearing slacks about the day we called) to get some rules of thumb for good eating. Here they are:

1. If you have a choice between a refined cereal and a whole grain cereal, choose the whole grain. Even though refined cereals have to be fortified, they don't begin to add back all the nutrients lost in the refining process. In some cases, nutrients added back are not in a form which is easily absorbed by the body. So, buy 100% whole wheat over refined wheat.  
2. Always read the package label for any well-known, non-saturated food, such as soup, fast food, crackers, cereals, instant noodle, etc. Look for an ingredient in descending order of magnitude. If you see a cracker (let's say) listing sugar, fat, butter, flour, don't buy it. If the listing has more than that sugar go ahead. Beware of those that list sugar or fat above any other content.

3. Cut down on your consumption of soft drinks and candies and don't buy a child's world's supply of these snack foods, buy them one day at a time. We are eating more and more sugar in this country. We even put it in baby foods and program our children to take large amounts of it. / continued on page 48

# Lifting the Curtain on the National Ballet

BY JOHN HOFFMAN

**N**o one tells the truth about the world of ballet. Not at first at any rate. Not while the principals are still living.

In contemporary pop culture it is the rock music and movie stars who carry the burden of love and scandal. That is, we know them as artists, but also as human beings, real, vulnerable, sometimes vicious.

Dancers may be notoriously impermanent, but that, after all, is such a petty and inconsequential thing to be mysterious for. Even when a dancer is as famous as Rudolf Nureyev the general public knows only well-honed scraps of his private life.

There are, it appears, certain professions about which the press habitually lies. Hockey and football, for example, attract just as many passing guesses and eager believe-it-or-nots as get worked at the first opportunity to risk money down. But even romance dancers, that such stories not be told, though every jock writer knows them. One of the all-time football greats took his comfort when in Vancouver with a girl of mean action, auto-named The Butcheress because they left teeth marks all over his body, but throughout his career he had always been pictured and eulogized as Mr. Clean in the press.

In recent years several football players have been arrested for drug possession. The repeated shock — which it would make the *San Francisco Examiner* news — was due to the lack of synchronization between said life and the image projected by professional sports. If pro sports must upon us heroically clean image, the world of classical ballet can't even total enthusiasm. Who among the San Francisco audience watching the National Ballet of Canada perform *Swan Lake* or *Sleeping Beauty* would suspect that, just that afternoon, a good number of those dancing swags so graceful in hunting, so regal in appearance, had whipped round the road in a dizzy dither to meet *Top Gun*?

(Good word underneath perfectly well with an urgent revolt of the lid, suffering from a most acute dose of High Culture.)

Karen Kain lets that bit of information slip not over dinner and there, very quickly, adds: "You wouldn't let it slip if this *You won't, will you?*" There we are, in a familiar quandary. The dancer is superb, the waltz is fine, the conversation freely flowing. But is

a look, the young lady recognizes that she is a member of the profession, or, conversely, in public statement it makes dancers and politicians seem positively loose and honest in tongue, and but some of the common crimes also play and expunge everything colorful, controversial, and new. When she tells me, for example, that one of the male dancers regularly gets her for love, winks alone after a performance, provoking the screen for some hunky stranger in the night, I find her utter lack of guile beguiling, but witness of last time complete proof of the truth. Most people would say that

Karen Kain, at 25, is somehow as Canada's foremost young female dancer, to me, she is especially memorable as the only dancer I've met who entered me in the case of faith in human nature. The only one to talk honestly about her profession, demystified, without platitudes and bunk.

"It's not a romantic life," she says. "It's rarely like that. Classically, there's a classical body gets as used to vigorous daily exercise that it won't go on having it. It's more than mere habit. If I don't dance for several days, I get muscle restless. I don't know how to explain it." She returns to grudgingly adding, her Gaudy Marlene usually, and takes another small sip of her champagne.

"Oh that is good. I'll have you know I don't eat like that every night. The other day a rehearsal for the Toronto Star took a group of the ballerinas out to lunch. That was the idea, to see what the ballerinas like to eat? We all had alcohol, orange cheese, nourishing things like that. But then came dinner. Or rather, it didn't. We were all afraid to order, for fear of making the wrong impression. And there was this business looking after each other, take that was they go home and would have had, but a wouldn't look good being reported in the paper that we stuff ourselves."

During rehearsal she works from 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. with an hour for lunch. She stands five-foot-five (weighing on her 110 pounds) and weighs a will-of-the-wisp 112. "My life isn't exciting. It's not profitable. It's just more. Usually I get home dead tired. I share an apartment with a sister in Toronto, when I'm not on tour. I grab something to eat, but I don't hang out, there's a bath, do some laundry, or record my shoes, watch television for a while, Johnny Carson. Then the next day starts, the same routine."

Nothing looks the more outside as it does from within. A dancer might as well professional attitude one of "dedication," the same daily regimen might strike another eye as being "obsessive." Who's more likely to be ascetic? The devout believer or the skeptical inquirer? Who better to risk than one of ballet's foremost stars, once Rudolf Nureyev himself, who rarely passes anyone beyond the cosmopolitan circles of his age, describes his new partner for the current National Ballet of Canada tour as "this state" is in some ways to be a surprise life and I ask her about that.

"Yes, I think it is. And I'd like to believe that can be changed. I read a fair amount, I see a lot of films. I don't go to concerts, there isn't much time, but I have a huge collection of records. I know everybody from Bach to Beethoven. Most of this is light stuff, however, I read and see a lot of things in a rather tired state of mind. There are many famous dance companies. I've never seen, particularly the modern ones. It's too busy to come and watch, and I don't feel well-educated. Also I don't want many people. People in a dance group tend to be isolated from the outside world."

When I asked if a dancer's life is limited, I meant more than the demands of daily practice exhausted one for other ac-

tivities. Something much more delectable I wanted to know the psychological costs of this kind of professional, professional, professional life. It may seem normal human concerns. Say one wanted to get married and have children, is that compatible? How does one survive in later years when one presumably can't dance anymore and is yet still not quite a pensioner by definition?

"Well, some dancers do get married. I fully expect to. I know I will. Obviously there would be long separations during the years. It would be hard, practically impossible, to raise children in such a situation. I know there's a potential conflict there but I don't think about it much yet. For one thing I haven't met the man I'll marry."

As to older age that's an even more distant cloud on the horizon. Most dancers have to quit quite early. Some of them go into teaching, some into choreography. If it is a problem, dancers worry a lot about their age, their physical condition, their health, because everything depends upon those few crucial years in one's youth when either you make your mark, or you don't.

There's something about a career to yourself, some risk, maybe an important one. When so much rides on performance and keeping a youthful appearance, it can be a source of great anxiety to watch one's body gradually, inevitably slip, feel one's muscles lose their resilience.

"Oh!" she laughs (it's a lovely laugh) "we do a lot of pumping and preening, dieting and mirror-watching. It's harder for the male dancers. They're terrified of going bald. When you're good, really good, at one thing, it does mean that you're mislabeled, you're for it, it's good."

She appears to be thinking the new thought over, but is troubled by her final expression says, "So be it. There it is."

During her first tour of 1980 with the National Ballet, following an launching engagement in Toronto, she is scheduled to dance, in rapid succession, in Ottawa, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Detroit, Hartford, Connecticut, Providence, Rhode Island, and Boston at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. A second tour, equally busy, running throughout the eastern provinces of Canada is scheduled for the fall.

Last June at the International Ballet Festival in Moscow there were 100 ballet companies participated from various countries. Karen Kain tied for second place, among female dancers under the age of 25. Only someone regarded as being of prodigious promise and achievement could place so highly in a contest of such Olympian competition.

No matter how famous Karen Kain becomes in the years ahead I hope she never becomes completely respectable, one of those joy ladders of lifting veils who talk a lot of stuff well-educated. Also I don't want many people. People in a dance group tend to be isolated from the outside world. When I asked if a dancer's life is limited, I meant more than the demands of daily practice exhausted one for other ac-



CITY COUNCIL OF PRETORIA  
PARKS DEPARTMENT.

THIS PARK IS FOR THE USE OF  
WHITE PERSONS ONLY. NO  
DOGS EXCEPT ON LEASH AND  
NO PEDAL OR MOTOR CYCLES ARE  
ALLOWED IN THESE GROUNDS.  
BANTU IN CHARGE OF EUROPEAN  
CHILDREN ARE PERMITTED.  
ANY PERSON WHO PICKS,  
DAMAGES, REMOVES OR  
DESTROYS ANY FLOWER, PLANT,  
SHRUB OR TREE WILL BE PROSECUTED.

ALLEENLIK\* BLANKES  
EUROPEANS ONLY  
ALLEENLIK KLEURLINGE  
COLOURED ONLY



BLANKE MANS  
EUROPEAN MALES



## THE AGONY OF SOUTH AFRICA

A Canadian poet visits with the conflicts of apartheid and finds guilt in the streets of Johannesburg

BY AL PURDY

Flying over Africa, looking down at the tropical half-  
domes, unceded by white men's airplanes, then the  
white polar immensity of Namib, Kilmun, and the  
ancient Zambesi River crawling away eastward—seeing  
all this for the first time is like witnessing a new planet instead  
of this world's "dark continent" blazoned with sunshine.

I went there because I expected to do some writing, and  
because I was particularly interested in South Africa, the  
country and its people. At Johannesburg I met with Nadine  
Gordimer, a white South African novelist, in a black play at  
the University of Witwatersrand. A black play about the  
Bantu prohibition in South Africa, whose idea was conceived by  
the two lead actors. Of course their prohibition, simply  
stated, is the color of their skins and South Africa's "apartheid"  
policy, including the reference book system which  
requires that many blacks who have no jobs must return to their  
home community.

*Since Bantu Is Dead* has no written script and is slightly  
difficult with each performance, since the two actors really sit  
in their own lives as blacks, weaving in the story of finding a  
dead man with a valid reference book. The jobless Steve  
Bantu has been ordered to report to Bantu school (his [white]  
at Port Elizabeth, but switches the photograph from the dead  
man's book into his own to narrate a new working identity).  
Therefore, Steve Bantu is dead.

The university audience was mixed black and white, the  
usual ground of the university being the only place where that  
was permitted until the advent of Billy Graham in South Af-  
rica last year. We sat on hard wooden chairs, and it was a  
warm night in Johannesburg. I had just passed through seven  
different time zones and traveled 10,000 miles getting there. I  
could say as much as John Steinbeck, the lead actor, leaning into  
prominent rhetoric, would say "You are a boy from 11 to 10,  
1 p.m.—and a man for three hours before you go to sleep. You  
are half-boy and half-man all your life." Then he glanced  
challengingly at the audience, reaching out to shake the near-  
cent white head in confirmation and pledge of the basic human-  
ity of all people.

And then I was with my face hanging out, sitting. Sitting  
beside Nadine Gordimer, one of the best-known and most-  
respected white liberals, in the front row seats. I was an obvious  
target for those harsh looks. Despite frantic effort, my head  
would nod and I'd wink out an uneasy stare. And respond,  
here's Kari's sister, wearing black hair, dancing in front of  
me, grabbing my head in brotherhood. During that in-between  
half-hour play I swear he must have stolen my hand as a  
sister's love. A gesture looking into / continued on page 83

# To Russia With Love

A great goaltender's mission of peace

BY KEN DRYDEN

People are as important as angles to a goaltender. Players are predictable, and that's why the second-guessing can be just as valid as the goaltending. However, if you know a player well, his moves become less surprising, but if you are surprised it takes a second or more to react properly. And you can't afford seconds in a game as fast-moving as hockey. By anticipating what's going to come next you're playing the odds. And educated odds-making can often approach certainty.

Three times I have faced the Soviet team, in 1969 with the national amateur team and in 1972 with Team Canada. I played four games in the Team Canada-Soviet series—Montreal, Vancouver, and two in Moscow—and was beaten for 19 goals. Odds-making can't work when you don't know the people.

That I could go to know them goes back to a moment I had in December of 1969 when the national team was playing the Soviet national team in Vancouver. It was early in the second period and the Soviets had already scored four—maybe five—times on me. It was my first game against them, and though at first I was nervous and uncertain, those feelings soon evaporated into angry reality with the suddenness and shock of the endless goals. Anger soon became despair over their effortless passing, the ease of the goals, my own failings. A face-off was called in the circle on my left and Aleksandr Malnev, whose small stature belied his efficiency as a player, moved into the slot area directly in front of me. He was poised to slam the puck my way should it come back to him. I was staring at him, only partly as a goalie but as an opponent. He looked back blankly, and smiled.

Then he worked.

This moment remained with me as an action totally out of character for a team that consistently satiated anonymity. The Soviet arena can be said to be off-limits; every Russian player carries off his helmet in an identical red helmet, whereas we're forced to recognize a player first by his face. Even those who do wear helmets here at least go in for distinctive ones: Paul Henderson's Buck Rogers style; Stan Mikite's dome; Jacques Laperriere's football helmet. Not the Soviets. Even their names show total disregard for suggesting letter combinations. They play in union of five and their style of play is geared always toward the open man, no matter who he is. / continued on page 58



THE PROBLEM:  
HOW TO PREVENT OIL SPILLS

# FORCE THE TANKERS TO KEEP THEIR DISTANCE

BY FRANK LOW-BEEN  
Vancouver lawyer and environmentalist

The oil spillers the head of the water and you don't hear the splashes and ripples the ocean usually makes when it comes the ocean. Maybe it was the distance that made it seem so reassuring last September when the oil spilled into Caulfield Cove a small inlet of rocky cliffs and pebbled shore in suburban West Vancouver.

Two freighters, *Sea Diamond* and *Erebus* had collided off Point Grey, about three miles from Caulfield Cove, dumping 50,000 pounds of bunker oil into the Strait of Georgia. Prevailing winds and tides moved it, in an ever-spreading mass, toward the rocky shoreline of West Vancouver.

Emergency cleanup crews moved in along with volunteer contingents of students and local residents. High pressure hoses from a fireboat blasted away some of the oil and pebbles sank up much of what remained. Cows swam up the driveway and burned it. A few miles east of Caulfield Cove, at Ambleside Beach, work crews hauled away the oil-soaked sand — easier to do than sand close it. You can still see the dark stain on the cliffs of Caulfield Cove but the place will probably be fit for use this summer.

But this was only a tiny forerunner of the environmental disaster that will inevitably occur within the decade once the huge super-tankers start ferrying Alaska oil through Juan de Fuca Strait in the narrows at Cherry Point, in Washington State.

Even American authorities admit that a major oil spill, either from tanker collision or from grounding in the Strait — one of the world's most treacherous channels — is virtually inevitable. Seven percent of the world's ships are involved in collisions every year, there are two

tanker collisions somewhere in the world every week. In 1968 and 1970 alone, there were more than 1,400 tanker casualties. In Puget Sound (Washington) alone there were 8 collisions involving oil tankers in barges between 1967 and 1971.

The risk will be much greater with the super-tankers which will carry up to 250,000 tons of oil, and which can't be stopped in less than seven miles when moving at their maximum speeds, the slowest speeds at which they still have steering control. When they try to negotiate channels narrower than two miles in traffic with strong currents, heavy fog and fierce winds, mishaps will be virtually unavoidable.

So much for collisions at sea, grounding is even worse. Three times as much oil is spilled through groundings as through collisions. And yet proposals for international legislation which would require double sheathing of the hulls of super-tankers have so far been rejected.

And since fully three quarters of all collisions and groundings are the result of human error, it isn't likely that such improvements will help very much anyway. The big oil spill when it comes, is going to wreck literally hundreds of miles of British Columbia's coastline.

That's the problem. The solution is to keep the super-tankers out of the Strait, which isn't nearly as hopeless as it appears to the federal and BC governments seem to think. There are two ways open to us: law and technology. We can use the law to ban the ships, and use technology to provide the ships with an alternative.

The law of the sea classifies the coast as three categories: the high seas, over which no nation has control; territorial

seas adjoining a nation's coastline, where a nation has the right to enact laws controlling shipping, as long as they don't interfere with rights of "innocent passage"; and internal waters, where the jurisdiction of a nation is absolute.

These categories extend coast-out but they have been blurred over the years, by treaties and by national claims. Proportion of the high seas has been restricted, for example, by an international convention regulating the dumping or escape of oil from ships on the high seas. Another international convention under consideration would give nations the right to take preventive action if an oil spill occurs, such as an anchoring ship. Originally there was a traditional three-mile limit, which was the distance a cannon ball could travel. The original limit has since been extended by unilateral declarations of many states.

The U.S. proclaimed an anti-smoking zone out to 12 miles in 1935, and in 1952 proclaimed extension of the anti-nuclear ship zones. More recently Canada has extended a 200-mile fishing jurisdiction and claimed a 200-mile exclusive jurisdiction in Arctic waters.

So it's tempting to suggest that Canada should immediately enact pollution control legislation which would apply to shipping for 100 miles off our southern coast. But it would leave us open to U.S. retaliation, so this approach should be held in reserve.

But the straits through which the super-tankers will pass aren't the high seas. They're either territorial seas or internal waters, depending on which authority you consult. The distinction is important because a state's jurisdiction over internal waters is absolute and no right of innocent passage exists, except by treaty. It happens there is such a treaty. An 1846 treaty between the U.S. and Britain demarcates the international boundary through the Strait of Georgia and the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and stipulates that navigation on both sides of the border south of the 49th parallel "remain free and open to both parties."

The effect of this, I believe, is to declare the waters on either side of the border as innocent waters, and therefore make them part of the Canadian side of the boundary subject to any shipping regulations we choose to impose. It also makes shipping subject to the "innocent passage" rule. There is a strong argument that the passage of super-tankers cannot be called innocent, in view of the manifest hazards. But we must declare the dangers to protect our legal position on this point. We can also insist on standards of environmental safety that super-tankers could not meet. We could require liability not just on the shipowner and the charterer, but also on the owner of the cargo. Since the big oil

companies have vast assets in Canada, judgments made against them in our courts could be enforced.

But what is our legal position if the tanker sits on her own side of the boundary? Under international law it is absurd that they should be liable for damages, even if the oil spill occurred in U.S. waters. This principle was recognized in the 1938 Trail Smelter arbitration, where the U.S. recovered substantial damages from Canada for harm caused to orchards in Washington State by fumes from the smelter at Trail, BC.

So Canada would have a strong case against the U.S. in the International Court of Justice. This may be the most direct way to prevent passage through the straits. But to do so, we must establish that such passage is inherently dangerous.

But the ultimate legal remedy is the injunction. Once again, to establish our legal position, it is crucial that we document the dangers and irreversible damage that even one spill could cause to the ecology on both sides of the border. Such an application for an injunction could be brought in a U.S. court by a Canadian or by some American environmental organization. It is highly ap-

parent that the Trans-Alaska Pipeline Act has left the way open for such a remedy.

My second point is that technology provides a practical alternative. The installation of the single buoy mooring system has proven to safety in more than 100 installations around the world. A super-tanker would then moor itself to a buoy a safe distance off the coast of Washington State. While moored, the tanker would discharge its oil into flexible hoses attached to the buoy, leading to a subsea pipeline leading to the refinery ashore. There is one such system near Santa Barbara, New Brunswick, and another at Taiwan has the capacity for use during a typhoon. The cost is modest, compared to the cost of a deep water port.

One leading builder of such systems tells me that it would be feasible to install such a system a few miles off Clatsop Harbor, which is on the south-west of the Olympic Peninsula. This location would provide a natural distribution point for oil to the whole northwest. It might also be cheaper, since large tankers could be used, and their route would be shorter.

We aren't quite clear on the American

side what are serious about keeping super-tankers out of the straits. In the past we have failed to distinguish that position from our much weaker stand against construction of the Alaska pipeline, and the passage of tankers in the high seas off our west coast.

There may have been protest in the first round of negotiations, but the result has been no strong message getting through to the U.S. What we're asking is reasonable: that the oil, most of which is destined for ports other than Puget Sound, go to an alternate safe port.

There can be no nonsense in the \$300-million liability fund established by U.S. legislation authorizing the Trans-Alaska Pipeline. Any claim on this fund by Canada would be fought with legal consultation.

The solution isn't to clean up oil spills. It is to prevent them. ☐

This is the third in a new *Maclean's* series, *Solutions*, which will try to provide answers for the many areas that face Canada today. *Maclean's* welcomes reader suggestions for topics and experts to tackle them. We'll pay for accepted submissions. Address: *Solutions*, *Maclean's* Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, M5W 1A7.



An audit is a thorough examination of your financial records, performed by a government inspector, usually in your home or office. We will look down every penny of your annual or corporate income, assets and liabilities. You will be asked to provide all the information we will need to complete our audit. Not everything is subjected to an audit and the other things are usually reviewed every year. The tax collector decides to concentrate on this or that income level or asset. There is a Master's estimate of the odds of being audited by Income level. An audit is, of course, only one form of investigation. Every income tax return is examined as soon as it is prepared, both by computer and by the examiner. That's because up to a \$10,000



Here are some things you should know about the folks who are trying to catch you:

It is that time of year again when a number of Canadians — no one knows how many, but a lot — admonish by email and more often by design, cooly chide their governments and the rest of us of half a billion dollars. There's an educated guess — accurate to within five million dollars either way — says D. Scott Bacon, head of the research and statistics section of Canada's tax department. It represents the gap between what Canada's 16.2 million taxpayers actually pay and what they should pay.

Some of these people will be caught almost immediately, some will be caught eventually, some, never. Trials will be held, fines levied, and a handful may ultimately go to jail for income tax evasion. But the vast majority of tax dodgers will probably get away with it.

To find out exactly what happens to an economy (at least Maclean's assigned me to follow one) and also the very benefits of the bureaucracy in Ottawa and if I managed to write about it. Well, the odds on being caught depend directly on the odds on being sold, which is where the tax collectors examine your records to determine whether or not you have computed your tax correctly. As surely as I can calculate (with some very unskillful help) the missing odds are set out for the first time on the opposite page. But they only tell part of the story.

First of all, the tax collectors don't call themselves the Department of National Revenue anymore, they're Revenue Canada. Taxation, now it's in with Statistics Canada, Information Canada, and so on. Secondly, they're trying to change their image. An end to fear and loathing, they call us "clients" now, and they take into life income in variety. But basically a tax collector is just that, and they haven't changed a great deal in the last 2,000 years.

The master's central program is in Ottawa's southern suburbs, two glass and concrete structures in a black and white dome. I suppressed the thought about black and white thinking, it's too easy to seize a conclusion and then find facts to fit

The maïmbé of the lobby is softened by modulated lighting and delivered by herds of mounted women, shattering their way into the Dan Centre, more commonly known as the "pipeline." The pipeline takes up several floors of big, bright, dark-necked rooms where, at the peak season, which is not

now about 5,000 workers, most of them from western Canada, are busy putting the line together. It's like an assembly line as they slip open the envelopes, strip off the cash, check authentic numbers, refile and rearrange documents for a fast check by the computer. Jack McKencher, then the chief assessor of Revenue Canada, Toronto, counted out the cash the pipeline and explained that roughly 45 million "people" go through quickly. "If you're on salary," he told me, "earnings less than

But the degree of trust is more apparent than real, because he means they keep cash not only into the computer. Of the

\$13.5 billion extracted from individuals in the last six years about 82% came from payroll deductions, for which employers must file T4 slips. Companies file T5 slips showing dividend paid and to whom. Banks file T3 slips showing interest payments and T800 slips showing bond interest and these are matched with the individual returns. In 1993, Revenue Canada Taxation caught about 1,500 employers who had failed to send in T4 slips, many of these were audited, some were prosecuted and fined. The matching by companies of T4 slips had been increased from 10% five years ago to 100% today, which means that all you can get away with is an error of up to \$15

Besides checking arithmetic and cross-matching returns with Tins, the computer also keeps track of alimony payments and other income, and sets roughly one third of the returns aside for a second, closer look. It also rejects about 500,000 for errors such as a grandfathered pension payment, or insufficient information on a deduction. The computer solves six errors totaling five dollars.

All Tds are smashed, but it only computes a random sampling of Tds and Tdbs, anywhere from 2% to 15% depending on what McKee's thesis compliance is at any given time. "We used to be considered hard-nosed and 'ward looking,'" he told me. That sure "ward looking" is a euphemism for secrecy. "For years, we resisted pressure from chartered accountants to release our auditing guide, which is our interpretation of the law."

But in 1970 Sylvia Chomer became deputy assistant and decided to push the stage of a "department that is fair and impartial, diligent and firm, efficient and courteous." Last year the ten officers began to implement what they refer to as a "new update policy." They set up a free long distance telephone advisory service and mailed out millions of booklets and information circulars that give the department's interpretation of the law.

For the moment most of McKencher's energy is directed at getting out the refined cigarette as rapidly as possible, but come the real of May and he becomes the cup on the bear, a reliance to crime prevention that is much used by its men. "If we want people to comply voluntarily," he says, "we have to show that we have the controls."

He attempts to demonstrate this by sampling at least once in three years every field on the seacoast, each of those little black circles that number each room as "type and generator" and "interest" and "alimony or separation allowance paid". The computer prints out a list of taxpayers in alphabetical order for each of the 38 district offices, and some of them 1,372 assessors pull files from the list at random and check the return in a sort of mini-audit.

In 1972-73, for example, the department looked at away-from-home expenses for transport drivers at a rate of up to 25% of returns, depending on the district. "We found a lot of them putting in expenses which they weren't even driving out of the city," McKercher says. "We'd / continued on page 48

# FACE TO FACE



One of the most obvious characteristics of Joyce Carol Oates as a writer is the combination of quantity and quality in her work. She's published six novels, four collections of short stories, plays, and at least three volumes of poetry. She had won the G. Henry Frost Story Award before she was 30, was awarded the impressive National Book Award for her novel *Them* in 1970 and has been described as "the most significant novelist to have emerged in the U.S. in the last decade."

Born in rural New York in 1938, Ms. Oates has been living for the past ten years in Windsor, Ontario, where she and her husband, Raymond Smith, teach English at the university. It became evident as we talked that her

teaching not only provides pleasure and rewards, but it is also where she is able to test ideas. Inevitably, she spoke of her students and of people generally, with enthusiasm and compassion.

While taking up the tape recorder in her office I remarked that I was always nervous in the beginning of interviews, possibly it was the anxiety. She replied that she couldn't recall the last time she had been nervous and as the afternoon progressed — particularly when I took her photograph — I began to sense why she is able to say that.

Through this camera one is struck by the calmness of her face: a calmness that goes into if anything away. It isn't a mask because that is something one picks up between oneself and the viewer —

rather I had the sense that she doesn't like being photographed and consequently goes to the photographer only when politeness and pragmatism demand. And while it is presumptuous, and probably useless, I found a fascination in watching her sit there, so calmly, and so sure of her own identity.

## GRAEME GIBSON

Let me begin with a question about being an American writer in Canada. **JOYCE CAROL OATES** I've tried to do a little writing that deals with my experience in Canada — I hope to do more of that the experience of being a landed immigrant in a border city. I think that a writer probably can

## JOYCE CAROL OATES IN CONVERSATION WITH GRAEME GIBSON, FIRST IN A MACLEAN'S SERIES

*Graeme Gibson, author of Free Legs and Connections, is one of the most exciting of the new Canadian novelists. Joyce Carol Oates is an American of the same generation, a writer with a stupendous international reputation. A few weeks ago, he asked to live for Maclean's in an interview that promised two special installations and produced some good will — without expatriation, the new spirit, women, drugs and Canadian U.S. disorientation.*



set up housekeeping almost anywhere, and that place I would not want to be are, curiously enough, those last other writers like, New York and San Francisco, any big city. I have no interest in that. I think, for one thing, there is so much going on that one would be drawn into it. I imagine being in New York, you know, being, "In an hour this starts and tomorrow night we have to see that." I feel that I'd just be going out to see galleries all the time.

## GRAEME GIBSON

Are your books received as well by Canadian readers as they are by readers in the United States?

## JOYCE CAROL OATES

Oh no, I don't think I have much of an audience in Canada.

**GRAEME GIBSON**  
Do you have a Canadian publisher?

**JOYCE CAROL OATES**  
No, but there's a publisher in Toronto who distributes them.

**GRAEME GIBSON**  
Do you find the ambivalence?

Well, I am a sound strange but I'm not terribly interested in pushing myself. I think that if people want to read my books, then fine, but I don't want to suggest that they should. And Canada has its own writers. Canadian writers are experiencing, the *Times Literary Supplement* spoke of an Elizabethan age. I think it is really a wonderful time for Canadian writers. And I'm not certain that an American writer is a necessity.

you know, for you right now. **GRAEME GIBSON**

What do you think about such things as our growing sense of cultural nationalism?

## JOYCE CAROL OATES

I think it's very necessary and healthy to have a sense of national identity, and even patriotism, as long as it doesn't become aggressive. It's unfortunate that the United States, and possibly England too, are temporarily suffering a loss of pride or a loss of identification with their nations. We should identify with our community and our families, our nation and our culture and when we don't identify that to me is not unusual. That's what's happening in the United States. It has happened largely. (Continued on page 56)





## Return of the Mountain King

**W**orse: Krause dug his heavy boots into the glacial till and tightened his fingers on the trigger of his .30-06. A short distance in front of him, his brother Hans sat motionless on the coarse gravel, beside a mountain stream and stared across its narrow waters at two giant grizzly bears.

It was early evening, with a cool summer breeze just strong enough to keep the mosquitoes down. Hans, attracted by the wild beauty of this northwestern corner of British Columbia, had propped his own rifle against a tree. Now, he couldn't remember which tree.

Too careless, Walter thought. After 10 years as a prospector in the Canadian north, Hans should know better.

For 11 months of the year, Walter Krause lives in a tacky high-rise apartment in Toronto. He works as a builder but his heart and his dreams never leave the North. Every summer for the past six years, he has packed his gear and his ill-assorted camera and pistol, his brother for a month photographing the animals and wild plants of the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and northern BC.

Last June, just as the Pacific salmon began their rush upstream to spawn, the brothers hired a bush pilot to set them down by an old cabin that stands next the junction of the Ishik and Yuko rivers, deep in northwestern British Columbia. From there they descended a boyish 23 miles down the violent Tuko river to an abandoned eskimo mine at Tuliquah. And now they were face to muzzle with the huge grizzlies, the most feared and least understood animals in all of Canada.

Worse: Krause worked at all the air his lungs would hold and screamed: "oooooooooooo!" Somewhere he had heard that with bears, whoever makes the most noise gets the most respect. The grizzlies looked up, pondered the noisy spectacle for a couple of seconds and then raced away from Hans and shuffled off unobtrusively into the bush.



Worse: Krause has studied bears for many years and has come to the conclusion that man's fear of the huge animals is exaggerated beyond reason. They are unpredictable and they can be dangerous, particularly if they have ribs with them, but usually they are as shy of humans as humans are of them.

Statistics from Canada's national parks tend to support him. Bears inhabit some 8,700 square miles in seven national parks in Canada but they have only been blamed for the deaths of three humans this century. A grizzly bear is thought to have taken the life of Jasper Park warden P. H. Goodwin in 1926; his body was found beside his cabin and an adult bear with cubs was nearby. In 1958, a black bear killed a small girl near a garbage dump in Jasper and last year a grizzly that had been tranquilized and transferred from one section of Banff National Park to another woke up prematurely and killed Wilfred Elphinstone, a 51-year-old biologist.

Grizzlies come to North America from Asia, over a prehistoric land passage that is now the Bering Strait. At one time tens of thousands of them populated the whole western half of the continent from Central Mexico in Alaska. Then man began to hunt the big animals down for sport. Grizzlies are now found only in BC, the western half of Alberta, Alaska, the Canadian far north and isolated mountain regions of northwestern United States.

For many years both Canada and the United States listed the grizzly as an endangered species. Today, with many thousands in Canada and a few thousand in the States, it is no longer necessary. And that pleases Walter Krause greatly. "Bears who have not met people or have no enemies don't expect to encounter them. Only in an emergency will they charge. And bears charge their diet during the year—the fish and berries they eat are fresher than we get. Human beings are so out of contact with nature." ☐



## How the Cost of Food Split Up One Family

A family I know in Montreal met the problem of rising food costs by embracing the bistrotier's motto: to buy more chicken and less meat — but days of course are rich in my family, we cook to buying powdered instead of fresh milk, and grating a lot — but as of course, are middle class. Ray Ogilve (family) had a different problem. They are poor. Not dirt poor, but poor enough. "It's always hard to make ends meet," says Ray Ogilve, "and sometimes they don't." That kind of poor. When food prices started to go up, the Ogilves had no alternative: to order around, and know that grunting wouldn't be by much so they did the only thing they could. They split up the family.



The Ogilve live in a five-room frame bungalow with outdoor plumbing, near West Mountain (northwest) Suburb. The house is 40 years old, but is tiny, kept in good shape, well painted and clean. It sits on a rim of valley, and the hills roll away behind it, tree-lined, across a hill. It is a country pond to look at, but not good for much else, and Ray's 160 acres could never support him.

His grandfather first came here in 1855. He was an Englishman, William Hall Ogilve, the first Englishman to come into the area, so naturally he was called "Lord" Ogilve, although he was never a lord. Ray's grandfather was an Indian, a Sioux, and probably arrived when Sir John Hall moved up to Canada in 1877, after his appointment with General Carleton. Ray is dark, with wavy eyes, high cheekbones and a strong, straight nose, and he owns that in his grandfather's people along with a lineage as his movements that makes him look at least 15 years younger than his real age, which is 54.

He was born here, brought up on this land, and in turn he has brought up seven children here, five of whom still live at home. Ray has had a lot of jobs, but never more than he got near that would have perfectly. He works as a summer guide at the historical park that marks the site of Sir John's camp. It doesn't pay much — \$2.54 an hour — but Ray has a heart for history and a fascination for the remarkable Sioux warrior as the money is not as important as the fact he works as a park policeman and gets \$500 a month

on special, now costs \$1.28 a pound, mutton doubled in price, usually was nothing, and so did live for bread.

Last many of us, the Ogilves do not keep a very careful account of their food costs, so the impact of rising prices did not hit all at once. Then, along about last spring, Verna Ogilve suddenly realized that they were spending considerably more than they were bringing in — and, looking ahead, the world are nothing but more of the same. There is no leeway for the Ogilves: they can't cut down on fuel — it costs about \$100 a month as the space heater in the winter and that's had to go up — or trim their costs, so the only solution was to split up the family, and for Verna to go to work. She got a job at Anasimbo, 45 miles away (in an old folk's home) which pays \$172 a month. Three of the children went with her, and two boys stayed with Ray, so the family is together only on the weekends. Fortunately the kids are fairly well grown — the youngest is 15 — so they were old enough to understand what was happening, and to accept it. The kids are the country, the freedom, the self-reliance and the family closeness, but they also enjoy what are for them the conveniences of a big town like Anasimbo (population 4,000).

There are compensations for Verna too. The schools are better in Anasimbo and she has high hopes for one son who has an academic turn of mind. Her eldest daughter lives in Anasimbo, and she has been back a lot so it's not so hard to keep an eye on her. Just the same, Verna Ogilve knows that her proper place is with her husband, and the proper place for her family is under one roof, so she can't help thinking that there is something wrong when a family can't afford to stay together.

There is another problem, too. Costs are still going up and now, what was \$123 a month rent for a house in Anasimbo and living costs for two homes, have a very large bill of Verna's paycheques at the end of every week.

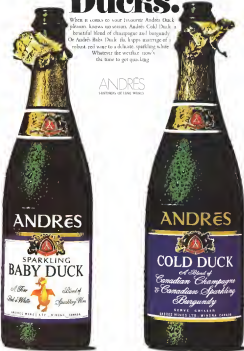
If something doesn't happen soon to bring food prices down or the Ogilve income up, the family will be moving at the same black wall that forced them when they decided to break up last spring, and this time there will be no other solution to hand.

WALTER STEWART ©

## Nice weather for Ducks.

When it comes to your favorite André Duck, please know no more. André Cold Duck is a beautiful blend of champagne and burgundy. Or André Baby Duck, its happy marriage of a robust red wine to a delicate sparkling white. Whatever the weather, now's the time to get going.

ANDRÉ  
BOTTLED BY LONG VINEYARDS



# HOW TO SAVE

And sugar is empty calories, it's the most refined chemical on the grocery store shelf. You can use fruit (fresh or dried) instead of sugar in our breakfast cereals and that way we can get the sugar from the fruit along with some of the vitamins and minerals we need.

4. Cut down on saturated fats, the fats that come from animals. We can change from whole milk to skim milk as adults and get the vitamins and minerals from the milk while dropping the fat. If you learn to buy good bread, try it without butter, you might learn to like the taste of wheat.

5. Avoid convenience foods. TV dinners take about 45 minutes to prepare anyway, so you don't even save much time.

Marlene's asked Professor Heather Milne and Pat McLellan of the University of Toronto Department of Nutrition, and Ruth Pincus, a consulting home economist, to prepare two different menu plans for a day showing the dose and dose's of balancing your diet. They point out that eating right can cost you less and give you more nutrients for your food dollar. Menu Number One shows how the U of T thinks you should eat, and Menu Number Two shows how Ruth Pincus thinks you may eat. If you are in the habit of skipping up meals looking like Menu Number Two go straight to the nearest Information Canada Bookstore and get a copy of the *Canada Food Guide*. You're in trouble.

Since children have higher nutrient needs than adults and tend to choose different beverages, the units for each meal show the costs for a child of 10 and an adult eating commonly available foods, but with a beverage appropriate to each.

Menu Number Two consumes more than 180 extra calories for both the child and the adult and costs about 64% more for the child and 66% more for the adult than Menu Number One. Comparing the way the nutrients stack up for both of these

meal plans is interesting as well. The Canada Food guide recommends maximum limits for the nutrients you should get in your diet every day. They are: 34 grams of protein, 1,200 mg of calcium, 12 mg of iron, 1,700 international units of vitamin A, 14 mg of thiamin, 190 mg of riboflavin, 11 mg of niacin, 30 mg of vitamin C. Adults don't need to, but this maximum limit for all the nutrients to maintain their health, children and adolescents have higher needs. If you want to cover yourself and your children, keep the outside limits in mind when planning your meals. Menu Number One satisfies the requirements nicely. Menu Number Two comes out short on several key areas: it satisfies only 37.3% of the recommended maximum for calcium and is low on riboflavin. It satisfies only half the vitamin C of Menu Number One and half the iron. The vitamins A of Menu Number One is five times that of Menu Number Two. And, as the results from the survey pointed out, Canadians tend to be short of calcium and iron.

The survey says we eat too many carbohydrates and fats, we should eat more starch than sugar, and cut down on fat. Menu Number Two is 5% higher in fat for an adult (2% for a child) than Menu Number One, depending on whether you are eating the child's or adult's portion, it is 7% to 2% higher in carbohydrates. Menu Number One is 30% protein and Menu Number Two is only 14% protein.

What this all boils down to is really quite simple: Menu Number One gives you a good balance of nutrients for the calories you take in and Menu Number Two, which costs you 64% to 66% more, does not. It gives you fewer proteins, fewer vitamins, more carbohydrates and more fat. You end up cheating yourself and paying more for the privilege. With food prices rising to the sky, most of us just can't afford the wrong choices anymore. ☺

Menu #1	Cost
<b>Breakfast</b>	
1/2 cup apple/orange juice	\$0.03
1 egg, beaten or instant 1/2 cup brown sugar 1/2 cup 2% milk	\$0.05
2 slices toast 1 tsp. margarine 1/2 tsp. jam	\$0.10
1 cup 2% milk for child	total \$0.19
coffee, 2 tsp. milk and 1 tsp. sugar for adult	total \$0.17
<b>Lunch</b>	
Toasted cheese sandwich (processed cheese, margarine) 1/2 lettuce, spinach, green pepper, salad with oil and vinegar dressing	\$0.08
1 cup pear halves	\$0.10
1 cup 2% milk for child	total \$0.40
coffee with milk and sugar for adult	total \$0.40
<b>Dinner</b>	
Roast chicken with dressing	\$0.45
1/2 cup mashed potatoes with milk and margarine	\$0.05
1/2 cup cooked carrots 1/2 tsp. margarine	\$0.05
1/2 cup ice cream	\$0.05
1 cup 2% milk for child	total \$0.87
coffee, whole milk and sugar for adult	total \$0.85
Cost of menu one for child	\$1.05
Cost of menu one for adult	\$1.28

Menu #2	Cost
<b>Breakfast</b>	
1/2 cup orange flavor crystal drink	\$0.03
1/2 cup pre-cooked pork/whitefish 1/2 cup whole milk	\$0.05
1 frozen waffle 2 tsp. maple syrup 1 tsp. butter	\$0.11
1 cup chocolate drink for child	total \$0.19
coffee, 1 tsp. sugar and 2 tsp. cream for adult	total \$0.25
<b>Lunch</b>	
Beacon on a bun (three strips bacon, 1 butter and hamburger bun)	\$0.30
Frozen french fries 10 pieces	\$0.07
1 freeze-dried doughnut	\$0.05
1 1/2-cup Coke for child	total \$0.42
1 1/2-cup Coke for adult	total \$0.59
<b>Dinner</b>	
Chicken breast with packaged spiced bread crumbs	\$0.45
sautéed tomatoes (1/2 package)	\$0.15
2 3-oz. frozen green peas in butter sauce (packaged)	\$0.15
frozen chocolate cake (1 1/2 of cake)	\$0.07
1 cup chocolate drink for child	total \$1.00
coffee, cream and sugar for adult	total \$1.26
Cost of menu two for child	\$2.07
Cost of menu two for adult	\$4.90



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**NORTH**  
Northwest Territories

If you're interested in your blood, one of the greatest experiences of your lifetime should be a trip to Canada's west. Avoid knowledge, frequent flights from Montreal, Winnipeg and Edmonton state their cities are accessible. Once there, you'll encounter no problems in traveling outside to reach isolated but fascinating Arctic communities or places to camps where you can find the extraordinary world, which is a great all-weather surface but dusty and rough leading north. This can be done, but remember to keep your gas tank full and an extra tank in your car. The roads are rough and the weather may vary. Best route: range from hotel and small accommodations to campgrounds and private camps. Moreover, the surrounding wilderness offers rich scenic rewards that are

[illegible]

As you travel farther north, it's not always the time to visit the largest of the Eskimo communities. Inuit (which is right in the Arctic Circle). You'll be somewhat startled to find that you have a color television in your hotel room. You'll find a bar, a pool, a gym, a place where you can get a Chinese restaurant to cater the event from your hotel. However, to really get the feel of the north, the Eskimo lives, try a delicious caribou dinner or spend the evening of their favorite night sport. It may not compare with a big city cabaret, but these people at a rugged level are really satisfied by simple pleasures. You can find a caribou parka for a reasonable price to purchase that wouldn't look so out of place if you were always wanted or a fine quality parka — at an incredibly low price.

While there are many interesting populated centers dotting the Northwest Territory such as Alameda, Coquille, Fort Simpson, Hay River, Fort Smith and Rankin



lized, to name a few. Tuktoyaktuk—a small Eskimo community located on the coast of the Arctic Ocean—should also be visited. Arrange to charter an aircraft in Inuvik, and within half an hour, you get to the northwesternmost inhabited settlement on the mainland. As you fly to Tuk, you'll view the famous Inuvik tundra country with vegetation limited to inch-high mosses, grasses and Labrador Tea. You'll see pinguin greyl front bulls which appear to have been created to relieve the usual hot tension of the region.

[illegible]

You're probably already gathered that the Northwest Territories only appeals to the outdoors type — those who must be very flexible and relatively relaxed. You should want to get away from it all. Be on an ecology kick — to see a bird nesting you won't see anywhere else. If you decide to take along the entire family, do so because you want to explore nature at its best. It's experience a way of life you don't really believe exists. To get in all the smaller settlements on Baffin Island, Canada's largest island, use Frobisher Bay as your theater point. On the island, mount-

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TABLE 1

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Account	Debit	Credit
Accounts receivable	100	
Accounts payable		100
Equity		100
Income tax payable		100
Interest payable		100
Long-term debt		100
Prepaid expenses	100	
Property, plant, and equipment	100	
Retained earnings		100
Short-term debt		100
Supplies	100	
Wages payable		100
Total	300	300

.....

<sup>a</sup>Division of Tourism,  
Department of Industry & Development,  
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# Northwest Territories



Great journey to Alaska, Yukon

take lower 6,000 feet and spectacular ice fields and glaciers glisten in the sun.

Rylin to one of the many fishing camps, and the great Mackenzie River from Hay River to Tuktoyaktuk, hunt even on the sea ice with trout compasses, at stake walrus or polar bear with a camera.

This land is your land. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or Transient, Division of Tourism, Department of Economic Development, Government of the Northwest Territories, Yellowknife, Northwest Territories X0E 1H8.

## Yukon Territories

Some Yukon Territory residents still during the period 1897 to 1898 as many as 100,000 men, and some women set out for the Klondike from various parts of the world, making it the greatest gold rush in modern history. Some 80,000 left. By the way, for many trails were too treacherous and almost impossible.

Today driving from the airport into Dawson City various kinds of roads checked on either side of the road from the gold dredges along the Klondike River bring back memories of those frantic days. As you approach your hotel, you will find many of the city's colorful past. From-shake houses 180 ft. and 10 ft. of the city's nature. Any time they are partially covered by overgrown grass and trees. You pass the actual remains of Jack London and Robert Service. The sign on the rambling building shows the name "Dawson Hotel". In fact, this entire place appears to be a museum and they are located in a mountain valley - yet it is for real.

Seeing the sights of Dawson provides many pleasant hours. On the banks of the Yukon River the old old-fashioned B.B. Kew, who is again recently restored and delights visitors as they depict the evidence of her glorious past. An interesting collection of early-day relics at the Queen's Hotel. The city is a museum, the beauty of the Klondike River. The Snow Mining Museum displays one of the first overland stage-coaches ever to be used in North America. Moreover, the city is a museum, the beauty of the Klondike River. The Snow Mining Museum displays one of the first overland stage-coaches ever to be used in North America. Moreover, the city is a museum, the beauty of the Klondike River. The Snow Mining Museum displays one of the first overland stage-coaches ever to be used in North America.

But it is at night when the Palace Grand really comes alive. Enjoy old-time entertainment, including a vaudeville show featuring high-kicking dancehall girls. After, if you want more action, go over to Diamond Youth Centre and join others in a fun-filled

evening in the decor of the rickety days of which features gambling, bingo and video games can't get it.

Before you leave Dawson drive out to Bonanza Creek where gold was first discovered by George Klondike, Tagish Charlie and George Carmack. Gold Dredge No. 1 still stands in the creek and the scene of much activity. Then follow the 330-mile Klondike Highway which joins the Alaska Highway 75 miles north of Whitehorse. En route many the route passes through some of the most spectacular mountain scenery in the country. Campsites are marked along the way and other accommodations though sparse are available. Bus and air transportation are provided on a regular schedule between Whitehorse and Dawson City.

Whitehorse, however, an unexpected bustling city with over 11,000 people, is the first-time visitor. For here, you'll find top-notch hotels, good restaurants and some of the quality shops. There are modern schools, a beautifully landscaped residential area, there is even a high rise. Snow-capped mountains which surround the place add the finishing touch to this prospering city of the far north. Whitehorse attracts some 75,000 visitors during the summer months, and it's no wonder. There's every modern convenience and much to do. The Old Log Church which is now a museum houses a collection of religious relics from several pioneer churches. Another log structure, the McEwen Museum, was built as a Cen-



Whitehorse is still a part of Dawson City

terial printed in 1907. Here you'll find displayed hundreds of remarkable artifacts and photographs from the famous Klondike Gold Rush era. The museum also offers a wide variety of other items of the Yukon and its people both before and after the great Gold Rush. More sparsely developed, as well as the banks of this portion of the Yukon River, and if you have the time, it will be well spent on a two-and-one-half-hour cruise along the river to the breathtaking Miles Canyon. If you have the nerve, you can cross the canyon on a suspension bridge.

Kluane National Park, located in the southwestern corner of the Yukon Territory, boasts Canada's highest mountain, most dramatic ice fields and some of North America's finest wildlife populations. West of the lakes and streams in the park center Arctic Greylag, Lake Trout and Northern Pike. Despite the fact that the park will eventually be accessible by road at the

continued

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cence away the evening at its latest, in a nightclub, but also get an excellent view of the city lights. An impressive new shopping complex, the Meriville Mall, further indicates that this place is on the move. The Meriville Golf and Country Club provides one of the finest 18-hole courses east of Montreal. And it is in Montreal where you'll witness the Tidal Race. The sudden rise in the water level in the Petropoulos River is one of several phenomena caused by the powerful flow of Pacific water.

In the wood in 1944, a side trip! This presents no problem when your starting point is Moncton. Perhaps you should first visit the best known trip: Miguette Hill and experience your car actually climbing up hill without power. An Rascal? Could be. But you'll want to try it just out of sheer curiosity. Approximately 22 miles away, the lovely little Acadian community of Shediac offers miles of clean sandy beaches enhanced by the warm Gulf Stream waters. Shediac's annual Lobster Festival has become a fun eating event not to miss.

Traveling south from Mondak? Be certain to stop at Hopewell Cape where the amazing Rocks, geologically 300 million years old, attract races and those people

At the site explains this unusual phenomenon again credited by the Family Sites. Take the time to visit Mariella Tower: an impressive fortification of 5 000 tons of agate field stone and granite built for the safety of the

[illegible]

In the wood in 1944, a side trip! This presents no problem when your starting point is Moncton. Perhaps you should first visit the best known trip: Miguette Hill and experience your car actually climbing up hill without power. An Rascal? Could be. But you'll want to try it just out of sheer curiosity. Approximately 22 miles away, the lovely little Acadian community of Shediac offers miles of clean sandy beaches enhanced by the warm Gulf Stream waters. Shediac's annual Lobster Festival has become a fun eating event not to miss.

Traveling south from Mondak? Be certain to stop at Hopewell Cape where the amazing Rocks, geologically 300 million years old, attract races and those people

the southern shoreline. But if the great outcrops of granite in the Marquette Provincial Park, only minutes from downtown, provides the answer. This year-round resort land sports every recreational facility from 200 campgrounds to an attractively designed lodge, including one of the finest dining rooms in Canada. In 12 Rock, after a long drive through the forested hills of New Brunswick is a glimpse of a rugged park preserves gardens, historic buildings and sites – entering waters to challenge the fisherman – stone drives and covered bridges. The world's longest covered bridge, 1,282 m in length, is in Harbord, but this is only one of many long bridges which links New Brunswick with Canada's past. One legend has it that as you drive through a covered bridge you can see your future. So, as you drive through and you will all come to see only if you wait until you hear distant sounds the train as it

event won't be a local population swell as years when it celebrates the heritage of the French. Single Loyalist villages often grow brought to the main land many years ago. During Loyalist Days – a greatly held five-day event, the entire village celebrates the atmosphere of the 18th century, beginning with the reenactment of the landing of the Loyolists at Market Bay. Many residents wear attractive period costumes throughout the celebrations, and a lot of local people for visitors to find a group of 18th-century dress people get their time on baked beans and cold bread or hot tea or coffee comes – a scene common in the early days.

But remember to tell your driver not to make a wish at the same time! To obtain more information, ask your travel agent or write: Tourism New Brunswick, Box 1090, Fredericton, New Brunswick E3B 5C3.

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## APPENDIX

**ATLANTIC**  
New Brunswick

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea is a good reason for visiting New Brunswick — Fundy National Park another — or "The Rocker" at Hapsett Cape still another. In fact, this province has so much going for it, you won't want to leave it. New Brunswick, Inc. Toronto

Moncton, "the fastest-growing city in Atlantic Canada today" is just a good first stop. Here you'll find one of the finest luxury hotels in the country. Moreover, at the top of Assumption Place, you can not only







**If you call yourself a Canadian, maybe this is the year to get to know something about your own country.**

 Canada. It's sun-up on the Bar-S, the jingle of harness in the morning air. It's a million lakes, towering peaks in the Rockies, prairie highways leading over the rim of the world. It's villages in Newfoundland with names like Farnish Gut, Ireland's Eye and Empty Basket. It's the country of the Group of Seven. And of the echoes of history: Cartier, Champlain, the Empire Loyalists, the Gold Rush. Canada is old and new. Quiet and magnificent. Hustle and bustle, and endless silence. It's your country, and it's waiting for you.

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#### INCOME TAX

been neglecting the field and it had just completely out of hand. One trader would tell another: "You're a damn fool not to put in expenses" and they had to go to think it was their God given right to charge off a couple of thousand dollars a year. We negotiated with the unions and employees and found out the industries involved, and last year we checked everyone with at least that \$300 is expense on 25% to 100% of the total."

In the same year, McKencher's investors caught 5,222,000 errors. They reduced the taxes of 1,559,000 people by an average of \$61 and returned the other for an average increase of \$172, showing a net gain for the treasury of \$47,157,000. This does not include the ones turned over to the audit branch, which is the most feared and the least understood branch of the operations.

The tax men say they don't look at any particular group of taxpayers but currently those with the greatest opportunity for evading taxes are the most suspect: contractors, store owners, tradesmen, commission salesmen, farm, fishermen, doctors, lawyers, officers, writers, self-employed people of all kinds. The computer groups them according to source and size of income and channels the pointers to Carl Palmer, director of audit programs.

Palmer's job is to make that half-a-billion dollar tax gap. He has to pursue 1.5 million self-employed individuals, 250,000 corporations and 121,000 trusts. But the 28 district offices have only 25,000 auditors and they can only handle about 10,000 audits a year. "We obviously can't check everybody," Palmer says, "and we don't want to bother people who are reporting honestly, but we don't know who is and who isn't. So we have a research group in place to watch the tax gap in each category."

"The cloud was just," as operations research chief D. Scott Brown calls his subcommittee, divided they couldn't figure out the total tax gap— "we'd just sit around and cry"—so they apply their tricks and formulas to samples of returns to pick the worst (and richest) pockets of noncompliance.

"If you class profits as low [of an individual's] and over \$70, I'll recommend the 57% class," says Brown. "But it's tricky. You have to think of when noncompliance may cost in future years, so we sit down with Palmer and huddle and compromise and we end up giving some classes one year and some classes another, which means it takes Palmer four years to sample every category of taxpayer."

Palmer denies that the auditors work on an adversary basis, but he will talk in hazy terms. "We're the staff advisers," he says "the generals." He is aware of the new open-door policy, but his audit program is designed to make

an effort to cheat. The department's coffers, the special investigations call it "spreading the fear."

Palmer is locked in a complex work world of new science. He speaks guardedly of the percentage he audits in each class and adds that "at the top we have 70 corporations bringing \$70 million or more, and at the bottom 275,000 small farmers, growing \$15,000 or less. People say we should pay more attention to the big people and less to the little people, but we'd like to give a lot of attention, too. 100%, to the top, but we want to give some attention, say 25%, to the bottom. In fact, because we have trouble getting staff with the necessary skills, in 1972-73 we did only 57% and 1% in the two extremes."

Some people think if they file, a April they have less chance of an audit, but often early or late makes no difference. Five times a year Palmer sends the district offices a booklet of all the businesses and all the taxpayers in the class he wants audited, and a taxpayer's



chance of being on it increases with his company, cash income, and the slowness of his bookkeeping. In 1972-73 the classes were divided into four, and 14,000 professionals, commission salesmen, people with investments and rental income, plus special projects for example, landowners who were writing off "farm losses" against their incomes as discounts or losses.

A special project can be anything. Palmer says it could be anyone who's doing a best-selling book. "There aren't many of these so we might do 100% of them, but in the great mass of individuals range from 2% in the high lower income ranges to 25% in the smaller high income brackets."

From all of this the odds on getting away with a tax fault seem to be high, but the odds in the other direction are that your range will be picked in any great year then between five and 50 to one that your file will be pulled. But such simple arithmetic is deceptive.

For one thing it depends on where you live. According to Thomas Farny, an Ottawa tax consultant you can get away with more in Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver than in less

crowded, more computer centric like Charlottetown. He claims that an employee in the Charlottetown district of 162 has 800 taxpayers to check, while in the small "A" business area, reporting \$15,000 income in Toronto after charging \$3,000 worth of employer expenses will almost never be caught. This comes up every year, but it's still a chance of getting away with it.

Your style of living may put the economy of an auditor. One nonworking civil servant was fined for consulting his second income, after a newspaper caught it. Another, an Ottawa businessman paid three years of back taxes and a fine when an auditor said his basement safe had been robbed of \$10,000.

You can be notified on a tip, an employee neighbor, a disgruntled employee. Most tips are checked out although mistakes aren't paid as they are in the U.S. A tip from a jealous wife recently led to conviction of a Toronto businessman who was wasting off his business' apparent need to hand files to her.

But your biggest threat is to the system at the district office, where the files for audits are divided into two tracks. Arthur Fendrick, chief of the business files section in Ottawa, explains that a lot of people own a lot of assets. "They'll keep some vouchers and some canceled cheques, and mark things down in a little black book. We ask them to bring their records in here. That's our office and if we select a businessman to bring in his records he'll need a visa, so we go in late. That's a field audit, the great bulk of our work."

As an auditor, greater experience he advances from other audits in field results than in the higher income groups. Fendrick headed an area since a man group which handles companies grossing more than \$25 million annually. When the previous came in, Fendrick pulled all the files for a screening process called "prebidding."

"With some files," he says, "you know right away that something is wrong. You get a kind of hunch some about it. The industry is too low. The legal expense is too high. In 1972-73, for example, 10% of the files for the Greater Eastern of Woodrow, Ontario, passed off the cost of his divorce as a business expense. Both he and his kitchen lawyer, Jan Joseph Mark, were convicted."

Palmer may only be calling for an audit in 10% of all "prebidding" but an audit cuts your odds on getting away with anything. The group head checks ratios, notes to express gross income to net, file notes as 8% profit margin that he should show should be 15%. He notes that you were once convicted of tax evasion and looks more closely. He sees foreign travel written off with no indication of income from it. "He's the auditor

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### INCOME TAX continued

personal," he thinks, and he writes as a favor for the auditor, "These are the points I want checked."

An office auditor may simply telephone you to clear up these points or he may ask you to bring your records in. You sit at a table in a small back room and he watches your reactions. "We try to put you at your ease," said Jean Gray, Chetwood's self-spoken chief of office audits for the Ottawa district. "We want to give you a chance to explain. What we're looking for is most cases are purely technical, pointed expenses or personal expenses disguised as a business cost, especially when a car is used for both. But if you've just overlooked something, we'll put you on the benefit of the doubt." Of course, if you show a \$30,000 expense and drive a Cadillac, it might indicate something out of line.

In 1972-73 Chetwood's 19 office auditors averaged 30.4 hours per week, and averaged an average of \$225 an hour. Sometimes taxpayers try for special treatment by claiming political influence, but all this does is make the auditor more than usually careful. "Anyone who knows the system," says an Ottawa district supervisor, "knows the auditor has to look at a tax return. He gives it to his aide, who gives it to us, who write an answer for the minister to sign. And we go by facts."

Auditors admit your right to share your tax in any way, like law permits, but when they see what they call tax avoidance they pass it on to a group of tax accountants and a lawyer, and if they decide that you're using a loophole in the law to escape its intent they try legal action. The group's director is Howard Stevens.

In the 1950s a few businessmen were avoiding taxes by "dividend stripping" — selling shares to an associate at dividend time, and buying them back afterward, then converting income to non-taxable capital gains. The scheme grew in sophistication but its purpose remained the same: to get profits out of the company and into the shareholder's pocket tax-free.

By 1961 Stevens says, "everybody was doing it. Tax planners — we call them strippers — were rolling out strips like toilet paper. The leading stripper was F. H. Cameron, a former used car salesman. You should have seen his face — \$41,995 for one strip!"

By 1963 Stevens reckoned 430 corporations had upped off profits estimated at \$200 million. He decided to test the law and accused C. Seydlitz Ltd., a bond and growth business owned by Cecil Seydlitz, Stafford Seydlitz and Clarence Day, for \$725,652. At the court revealed the story in 1967, the Seydlitz had transferred their assets to a new company, C. Seydlitz Inc. For \$400,000 in return for a preliminary note and continued on page 44

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The Peugeot 504 GL, is untamed! At highway speeds its 2-litre, dual-carburettor, engine is loafing along.

Rack and pinion steering, independent suspension on all four wheels, front and rear anti-dive bars and a long wheel base conspire against cornering evils; the 504 carves through bends. Michelin XAS radial tires are a big help, too.

The 504 is trustworthy. Enormous power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels bring the car to sure straight-line stops.

Bumps, ruts, washboard and gravel

surfaces seemingly melt away. The 504 GL's independent suspension is the key. Expensive to manufacture but worth it. Some other highlights: double-acting telescopic shock absorbers, coil springs all around and anti-dive bars front and rear.

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The 504 GL manages about 22 to 28 m.p.g., depending upon how and where you drive. Its fuel economy is a surprise to those who quickly become accustomed to Peugeot's luxury and performance.

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504 GL: Michelin XAS radial tires, sunroof, tinted glass, rear window defroster, fully reclining bucket seats, flow-through ventilation, quartz halide head lamps (they're very bright), rustproofing and the engineering features already mentioned.\*

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\$2,611,799. Then they sold their shares in the old company to two Vancouver companies owned by Carriere for \$2,530,130. Carriere then arranged for a bank loan to pay off the shares, while the Synthesis got a bank loan to pay off the note. Then each, in effect, paid off their banks with the bank loan of the other. "The attack," said Mr. Justice Gibson of the Quebec Court, is deciding that the transaction was illegal, was "the same as if the old company had paid a dividend to the shareholders."

The Synthesis appealed. The government won in Supreme Court in 1969 and 400 companies paid their taxes. "Our real achievement," says Rivest, "was the deterrent effect. I think it showed the lawyers that the courts wouldn't accept form for substance. It looked like they were selling shares but they weren't."

Auditors pogo-broke tax returns in three closets, uncovering errors such as forgetting a deficit of bank interest, tax evasions and fraud. A case that so dealt with last year, for example, involved a businessman who had sold a small property but had reported no rental income.

At this point an auditor gets angry. Without leaving anyone home, he may sneak out records and photos and then, so that if the suspect denies them, as

one recently did, the government will have evidence of fraud. The worst offenders are pressed along to the Special Investigations Branch.

"Basically we work in two areas," says Bill Moore, one of 815,290 investigators, "income suppression and asset evasion"—everything from a taxicab operator who shrugs the cash off the top to an accommodation receiver where a contractor hides the cost of services for his private swimming pool in the cost of concrete for his apartment building. "I'm not poking on the contractors. I'm poking on all fields."

In 1972-73 SI checked 650 suspected cases of fraud most of them referred by the public himself. Of these 278 were re-investigated in depth and 139 of those were prosecuted. "We're aware that to prosecute a person threatens his livelihood," says Maurice Brudshaw, SI's assistant director. "We want to be 100% sure in our minds that he's guilty before we proceed."

Jim Gosselin, director of Special Investigations, has removed the tax returns of the 100,000 who have been investigated since that used to hang in his office, but that is entirely a new to the government policy. The new tax laws cut personal income-protection statements of two months to five years for tax evasions and SI is pressing for larger fines. Last year a Simcoe doctor, James Schler, was fined

\$120,000 for evading \$406,925 in taxes. "These guys are placing a burden on every other taxpayer," says Brudshaw. "Because if he doesn't pay, everyone else has to pay extra. Then they beg and people think there is more tax evasion than there really is and when everyone is standing, no one is a thief. That's why we advise the press when we're bringing a case to court. We want people to know that fraud doesn't pay."

Instead of your case goes to court, your chances of winning are less than 1% Since the fraud squad was formed 19 years ago it has lost only 15 cases.

The record on organized crime is less exemplary. Six of the witness testimony in the recent Montreal crime probe had never filed an income tax return. One of them, Johnny Lau, who had floating crap and poker games, was reported to have earned \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year. Car dealer David Meert, an admitted cocaine loan shark, was said to be declaring about \$8,000 a year and backing from \$112,000 in 1965 to \$211,000 in 1969. Royal Detective, head of the Montreal Urban Community Police Department, has received the tax department of "lack of cooperation" with police. "Disgraced crime leaders," he said, "live luxurious lives and only declare a minimal amount of income. He cited the case of a notorious Montreal crime

figure who hadn't filed income tax returns for five years. "We could ask," he said, "how such an omission could go undetected for that long."

Brudshaw can only say that if a man hasn't been on the tax rolls before he may be hard to catch but he will be caught sooner or later. As to foremen, the ambivalence at head office is just as apparent at contact level. "You can't go into a case thinking a guy is a crook," says Moore. But he adds that it's hard for a seasoned auditor to avoid the cop mentality.

This ambivalence is built into the system. Auditors are told they mustn't give the impression the government is out to grab your last dollar. At the same time, an auditor's production is measured in cases completed and dollars recovered. Victor Desrosiers, a government auditor, once had five nil adjustments on a row. "You start questioning yourself," he says. "Am I slipping? Or have I just happened to hit five clean files?"

According to another auditor, "We're inundated with forms. We've got a time-reporting system, a production reporting system, and this new management by objective concept. Head office produces all these statistics and we have to produce the input, which means we have to produce more money to cover the time spent pushing paper."

As this is being written the department is looking at a formula that could nearly lower your chances of hearing them. It's similar to an American process called "discontinuous taxation." Scott Brown told me "They got a bunch of screens to set around a table and say 'here's how I select' and they write up approximately with 30 to 40 variables such as assets income profits which are cross-checked to each other and to other items on the return" — a possible 1,000 as many compartments made as an income by the computer, which scores each return on how it deviates from the norm. It is being evaluated now and Brown hopes that "it will tell us which taxpayers have a high medium or low potential of unpaid taxes."

Pinkerton, however, is skeptical. "Maybe we can screen those as many returns with the computer," he says, "but I don't think we'll ever be able to do without eyeballing. The computer can't touch in the club and pick up a nuance." But however much the computer expands a tax filer's fear of detection, it also extends the tax principle of equity for the computer is impartial. As the system is the crime labs pushed the country's public forces toward objectivity, so the computer must help to resolve the paradox of a government department that is trying to act like a cop without looking like one.

And in the meantime the odds aren't too bad — it's the game that's rigged. ☐



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think, because of the Vietnam war. It's very hard to identify completely with a government that's doing something that you know in your heart is against nature or morality. Now Canada has not had that problem. I know Canada has its own problems but they are not that grave nor that destructive. And I think that Trudeau is marvelous. Oh, if we could have Trudeau instead of Nixon! I think we should work out some kind of exchange policy.

**GIBSON:** What about the obvious differences between Canada and the U.S. you must have some sense of that?

**QATES:** From what I've read in Canadian literature and Margaret Atwood's *Servant*, I think that the Canadian attitude of man—the human species, surviving in nature and getting along in nature harmoniously, that's far more valid psychologically and spiritually than the

erroneous concept that Americans have had about conquering nature. With the frontier mystique of the United States you have a typical little town in the

northwest, with violents hanging

### Are we a Canadian nation?

DATES: Yes, we talk about that. We don't quite know what to do because our families are of course American and one of the things it would involve is apparent symbolic rejection of it's like us to go against your father and mother. And then I think about what my destiny is - I was born in America and maybe it would be too easy and too enjoyable to be a Canadian. So every people want to become Canadian because Canada is some very much a more pleasant country. I think it takes more stamina to rise as American. Yet I must say the idea is very attractive, and other people in the department [of English at the University of Windsor] who were landed immigrants have become Canadian citizens and they say it feels very

**GIBSON:** Do you anticipate going back to live in the States?

**DAVID:** No, no we're very happy in Windsor.



It takes a minute to remain American.

**HIBSON:** Is much of your writing there's the feeling that society, or a group, or an individual, is coming to the end of something?

**DAVID:** Yes. I'm intrigued in a whole new field of psychology that concerns itself with death and possible scenarios of experiences of dying people. Some people say they're dying, and some ghost children and society in general have been detached from the person they had been. But you know, we think we are ourselves and then some extraordinary accident happens or you're at a funeral and you're not there, and the experience being out of their bodies, watching what they thought was themselves dying. Some of these people are pronounced dead, but they have some other point of reference and observation outside the body. So it seems that when the accident may be very horrible and an mortal experience, but it's not always more permanent. My husband and I almost died in a car accident and yet nothing happened. We were completely out of control on 89 city blocks on an emergency when we were working and we were not there. We were not there and we weren't hurt. We could not see


trucks coming by. We had no more control than if we were children in some sort of an amusement ride, and the feeling I had then has always been with me, because if we had died at that moment I don't think either one of us would have protested. It was just something that

absolute. It could have been a Show-  
ple up, but nothing happened and we  
went on to have a good time.

**GIBSON:** Did you find yourself charmed by that?

**DATES:** Yes. I've had a couple of experiences that allowed me to see that all of our lives are completely a gift. I think of myself whirling and over and across that expressway, and I think of how we just sit there for quite a while, and I don't even know that we were thinking... there

was nothing to think about. Maybe when a woman has a baby, it's an experience like this too. I haven't had a baby, but you're no longer just that little person, and all the selfish and trivial things



# Energy for Canada... the job ahead

*Adapt F-20, Imperial's second artificial island in the Pacific Ocean. See*

Before the spring of 1973, petroleum supply was something Canadians took for granted. Today, it is a question of concern to many citizens, and of interest to all.

## Where we stand today

The western provinces and most of Ontario are supplied with crude oil and natural gas from Canadian fields, located primarily in Alberta. Quebec and the Atlantic provinces depend almost entirely on foreign countries for their crude oil supplies. Steps are being taken to make a part of this area less dependent on foreign supplies.

Prices of foreign crude oil have increased sharply. In February, refineries east of the Ottawa Valley were paying as much as 3.5 times more for crude than they did two years ago. As a result, prices of oil products have increased in eastern Canada.

In Ontario and the western provinces—as earlier in eastern Canada—prices of oil products were low because of supply conditions. As the value of

crude oil increased and the need for supplies from more costly sources became clear, prices for Canadian crude oil began to change, and product prices increased accordingly. On Sept. 4 the federal government asked the oil industry to freeze prices voluntarily on domestic crude, and on products made from it, until Jan. 31. Later the price freeze request was extended to the end of March. That was the situation as this process went to press.

### What is the outlook?

Fields discovered to date and currently supplying Canada with crude oil and natural gas are estimated to have left 10 billion barrels of recoverable oil and 53 trillion cubic feet of recoverable natural gas. Although these fields will be supplying Canada for many years, they will reach their production peak within a few years after that their annual production will start to fall off.

To meet Canada's needs it will be necessary to bring new energy sources into production. This will be a very big

undermine

In some, Canada has very large potential reserves of energy. In fossil fuels alone, the Geological Survey of Canada estimates reserves equivalent at least to 1,000 billion barrels of oil. (The fossil fuels include crude oil and natural gas produced by conventional methods both in the southern basin and the frontier areas, the Athabasca Tar Sands of Alberta, the various heavy oil deposits, and coal.)

But compared with the past, these reserves are much farther away from markets or technologically much more demanding, or both. Exploration for and development of the conventional hydrocarbons in the Arctic and beneath the Atlantic, and development of other forms of fossil fuel energy, will take vast sums of money, many years and the efforts of thousands of highly skilled persons.

Turning Canada's fossil fuel potential into actual energy supply is one of the great tasks facing Canada. Here is what is being done.

## Frontier Exploration and Development

The Geological Survey of Canada has estimated that the Arctic and the seabed off the Atlantic coast contain a potential 70 billion barrels of oil and 668 trillion cubic feet of gas. Major exploration programs begin in these frontier areas ten years ago. Much of the work can be done only at favorable times of the year, and is very expensive.

Wells drilled in the Arctic cost at least \$2 million apiece, and most cost much more. Over the past two summers, for example, Imperial spent \$4 million to build an island in the Beaufort Sea as a platform for a drilling rig. The expense of a well drilled from this island came to another \$4 million. Off-shore in the Atlantic, to drill an exploration well requires about \$3 million. Comparable exploration wells drilled in the western provinces have cost an average of \$400,000 each. It is estimated the petroleum industry has spent more than a billion dollars over the past ten years exploring in the frontier areas, and the search is continuing.

But exploration is only a part of the cost of continued energy supply. Large estimates will have to be made in the facilities to develop, treat and transport new reserves. Given comparable oil pool sizes and production rates, the facilities to develop a barrel per day of frontier oil can be nearly twice as much for conventional, proven oil. And the same applies to the development of gas resources—a pipeline to carry Arctic gas to southern markets, for example, will cost about \$5.7 billion.

## The Southern Basin

Canada's present major oil and gas fields are located in Alberta, Saskatchewan, northeastern British Columbia and a corner of Manitoba. This region is the most highly explored area in Canada—more than 30,000 exploratory wells have been drilled in Alberta alone. So far, 16 billion barrels of recoverable oil have been found, and approximately 10 billion barrels remain to be produced. About 31 trillion cubic feet of recoverable gas have also been found, of this some 53 trillion cubic feet remain. Oil and gas may yet be discovered in the southern basin, but individual discoveries will probably be small, widely scattered, and difficult and expensive to find.

In addition to exploratory drilling in the southern basin to find remaining reserves, the oil industry also spent some \$380 million in 1973 to increase production from existing fields by



Gas plant at Fort York, Alta. In 1973, Imperial spent \$45 million on such facilities to increase production of oil and gas to meet demand.

drilling new wells, by expanding the capacity of the pipeline systems within the fields, and by enlarging the equipment that treats the oil before it is delivered to the major pipeline terminals. Imperial alone spent \$43 million in 1973, over the past five years, the company's bill for this kind of work has totalled \$110 million.

Work also continued on "secondary recovery" methods that are used to nudge the natural pressures within oil reservoirs and produce more oil from those reservoirs.

Secondary recovery methods are expensive, and they are limited by the

price at which the oil produced can be sold. As oil prices rise, still further work can be done to reinforce underground pressures and recover more oil.

## The Athabasca Tar Sands

The sands cover about 12,000 square miles in the northwestern part of Alberta, and are believed to contain 625 billion barrels of oil, of which the Alberta Heavy Resources Conservation Board estimates 250 to 300 billion barrels can eventually be recovered. This amount is nearly twice the total proved reserves in Saudi Arabia, the Middle East's oil reserves giant.

With today's technology, it is possible to develop only those tar sands lying within 300 feet of the surface. Recovery is being conducted on that to recover the oil in the more deeply buried sections, but it will require much work and major investment before successful development can be demonstrated.

In those areas where current technology applies, it is estimated that an average of two tons of sand have to be mined and moved to the extraction plant to produce one barrel of synthetic oil. In addition, another ton and a half of overburden and lean sections with little or no oil will have to be moved to get at the oil-rich sand. The Syncrude plant, which is planned to start production in 1977, will produce 125,000 barrels of oil a day. To produce this volume, more than 365,000 tons of

material will have to be mined per day—and Syncrude is located in an area where the sands are rich in oil and under an average of 50 feet of overburden.

More than \$75 million had been spent on the sands research before the decision was made to go ahead with the Syncrude plant. To build the plant will cost more than \$400 million, power and transport facilities will cost another \$300 million. It will employ as many as 3,000 workers during construction.

If the oil contained in the surface deposits of the Athabasca Tar Sands could be produced as fast as required, it would look after Canada's total oil needs for many years, but the rate at which plants can be built is limited by long lead times and the scarcity of skilled personnel and materials. An optimistic construction rate would be one plant of Syncrude's scale every year more realistic assessments are that one such plant can be built every two years.

Tar sands production will be expensive—and inflation adds to that cost each year. Taking inflation into account and assuming realistic royalty and income tax rates, it is estimated that by the time crude oil is produced from new oil sands plants, it will have to sell for at least \$8 per barrel at the plant to provide the incentive necessary to develop even the high-grade surface sands. On Feb. 1, Alberta crude was selling at the wellhead, under the federal government price freeze, for about \$4 a barrel.

Imperial Oil is one of four participants in Syncrude Canada Ltd.

## Heavy Oil

Near the town of Cold Lake, 180 miles northwest of Edmonton, lies an estimated 160 billion barrels of heavy, viscous oil. With developing technology it is estimated that some 30 billion barrels will be recoverable.

Ten years ago Imperial started research into production of the Cold Lake heavy oil deposits. The company has had some success after spending \$17 million by pumping high-pressure steam into the formation. The oil can be thinned enough to flow to the well.

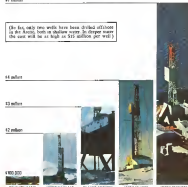
But the process is as yet far from commercial, and at today's Canadian crude prices any large-scale production project would not be financially feasible. But the research is continuing and Imperial is building an enlarged pilot plant and drilling more wells.

## Coal

Canada's coal reserves total an estimated 120 billion tons, the bulk of it in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. These coal deposits contain the energy equivalent of over 400 billion barrels of oil. But coal is not natural

## Average drilling and exploration costs

\$7 million



\$10 million

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## Prices, Profits and Energy Production

Bringing new energy sources into production will be costly—much more costly than in the past. Their price will have to reflect the cost of their development.

However, price by itself will not guarantee continued supply. Traditionally the money needed to develop new resources has come from three basic areas—from profits, from other externally-generated funds such as depreciation, and from investors. Accordingly, realistic prices will have to be accompanied by realistic royalty and tax rates if the needed money is to be forthcoming.

Because of the importance of profits in bringing on new energy supplies, it is necessary that the citizen as voter and as customer have information to put profits into perspective.

Since Leduc was discovered in 1947, the government of Alberta has taken in a total of \$4 billion in royalties, rentals and acreage purchases from petroleum exploration and production. Over that same period the exploration and production phase of the industry has put out more money than it has taken in. The exploration and production industry is still in the red from a cash standpoint, but assuming realistic public policy, production of the remaining oil and gas reserves discovered during the past quarter century will provide the industry with a return on its investments.

Over this period some companies

have, of course, been more successful than others, and Imperial Oil is one of these.

Last year's net profit from all operations—production and sale of crude oil and natural gas, manufacture and sale of petroleum and chemical products, sale of other products—and from its investments in such facilities as pipelines, was \$288 million. By comparison, government-owned Canada took a \$437 million as a result of Imperial's operations. (For a number of years, because supply and demand conditions depressed product prices at many major markets, Imperial's return on the money it used in its business—one of the valid yardsticks for measuring profits—was low. In fact, for several years the company made no return on its refining, distribution and marketing investment in one major region. Returns from these operations have recently reached more acceptable levels and in 1973 Imperial's net of return got back to that of 1957.)

If the oil industry is to continue to finance the money needed to develop more energy for Canada, it has to offer potential investors the prospects of a return better than that companies provide for risk investments. For the oil business is risky.

To take just one example, the petroleum industry started exploring the Arctic and offshore Atlantic frontiers sixteen years ago. It has already spent more than a billion dollars and it will be close to the end of this decade before

the industry starts to see any return from this investment.

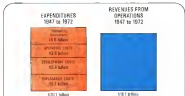
And the risks aren't confined to exploration. There is a high technological risk. The company, Lower Canadian Oil Sands, has been operating an extraction plant in the Athabasca Tar Sands since 1967—and it has lost \$88 million on the operation to date.

There are risks in other aspects of the oil business too. Refinery units, for example, are very complex, particularly if they involve new processes. Problems starting up new units at the Sarnia refinery were the principal reason Imperial's profits dropped in 1969.

As a time when oil supply and oil prices are sensitive political issues, it is essential that the role of profits be recognized and the level of profits put into perspective. Profits are a major source of the revenue required for exploration and development projects. The expectation of a return commensurate with the risk attracts the additional money needed for these projects. And in this regard the profit level of any industry cannot be judged by that of its more successful members only.

Public policies that recognize the magnitude of the job ahead, and public understanding of the role that prices and profits play in providing and attracting the money needed to carry out their job, will help assure that Canada can meet its potential energy reserves and actual energy supply for the benefit of all Canadians.

### Imperial's Earnings and Expenses, per dollar of Revenue



Source: 1947 and 1972 the oil and gas producing industry in Canada spent about \$1 billion more than it received in revenue from its operations. Average royalty, public policy, production of the remaining oil and gas reserves discovered during this period will provide the industry with a return on its past investment.

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more — oh, knowing more about life, that would be all right, that when you're having a bad experience, you just don't know this. You have to take it on faith that life is still worth living, and maybe we made later you'll look back and you'll think, I really learned so much from this.

**GIBSON:** Let's talk about violence in your writing. There's a lot of violence, the riots in Detroit at the end of Times, but usually it appears in more personal ways. The kind of violence in *Mr. Nobody* and *Mr. Nobody* who's just working away one day when suddenly he feels weak and he goes home to bed and he never gets out of bed. He's caused out at the end.

**GIBSON:** Yes, but I know why these things are happening in the novel. **GIBSON:** I think I know as the reader, but you don't put it down to simple psychological cause and effect. One can't force it then as a personal thing happening in the situation or whether he's caught up in something more public, like the riots, the violence, the chaos of life.

**GIBSON:** The very interesting in psychology — I would say that probably, if I weren't so much interested in writing, I would go into clinical psychology. So I have ideas about these things, and many story or novel deals with the question of what is happening to individual people in that context. Now, for instance, if you and I are watching eye control, we are in our domain and we're relaxed and content. But if we were caught up in some strange mob action, I think for a while we would definitely reason our way. We'd try to get out of that situation. But if we couldn't get out, and time went on, we'd probably start to feel an erosion of our own identity, and this mob mind becomes a powerful way over us.

So I believe me in the persistence of the ego, but that our ego is in the context of constant change. **GIBSON:** An awful lot of your characters seem to be part of the mob mind even though they're in ordinary situations — the need for information, again they lose their ego, sometimes at the depth of a hat, because of some negative perception. How does this relate to the mob mind — are they part of that?

**GIBSON:** Yes, there are many different individuals and they have different levels of psychic control. It's our responsibility here on earth, I think, to come into some very strong relationship with ourselves, with our deepest selves, so that we don't suddenly change into animals or a lymph kind. We have to have within us a definite centre of gravity, by which I don't mean we are self-controlled, but that we don't radically, like a champagne, turn into what everybody else is.

We have got to get the human spirit controlled inside the self, inside the

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said again. Many of the people I write about are not bad people, but they haven't a sufficient sense of identity, so they're swept along by social change. **GIBSON:** Do you consider yourself a religious writer?

**OATES:** I would say yes, but I don't believe it's named by it. The real issue of *Do What You Will* is David Dawe, and one of the ministers of his because it has to be so innocent, he hasn't got a chance. It is often the case with people who are very very sensitive and idealistic, that they don't have a chance. They're playing right down on the ground, right in the arena, so there have to be others of us who will come forward to defend them, to explain them in the middle class, the conventional of values but to come from certain people who are, let's say they are Christian in their behavior—they can be men or women, anybody. But they have this sense for that follow me, regardless of who the other person is, and as editors and writers and others, who are more realistic, we should not allow these innocent people to be simply destroyed. We've got to translate them into some context.

**GIBSON:** What is Merrell's virtue? Is it an innocence? Is it his love?

**OATES:** He's someone who possibly through drugs, or just through experience, has had as much of the divine or universal level in himself as many young people have, and they become Jesus Christs or they become very interested in Buddhism, or Yoga. They've experienced things in their heads that awaken them to some feeling for all of it.

**GIBSON:** Do you find the various expressions of spirituality that the young are pursuing a promising sign?

**OATES:** Yes, in a wide sort of evolutionary sense. At the same time, when there is an evolutionary sense it's very, very difficult to live through that time—it's a time of crisis. In evolution, there's always been a certain loss for every gain, so there are young people, and they already exist, who have fallen by the wayside, who can't take it, who have great vision, who have lost their mental capacity, because they've taken drugs. There are others who have taken drugs and have sworn off Zen, or now they're doing Yoga or Zen or something, those people seem to have outside a step beyond the other level, and I speak really as an observer, because I've never in my life taken any drugs. And you'll probably laugh at this, I don't drink—I mean that I don't really eat. It's so strange. I suppose it's because I have such faith in the imagination that I feel I don't need any stimulants.

The phenomenon of all the drug abuse is pathetic. It means that a whole generation is so cut off from what should

be a natural religious experience. I don't know why they're cut off from it, but they have to use artificial stimulants to get back to it.

**GIBSON:** Do you see this moment we speak of where people lose their eyes and give over to mob response as an abused spiritual experience?

**OATES:** I think we can pretty definitely say that there are at least two kinds of spiritual experience. One which is very fustian, makes the person extremely moral, and let's say he gets a little higher. But there's another kind that can make a person go lower. In other words, he identifies with the less structure elements in nature. He starts to delirium. He thinks that the brain contains are superior to civilization. The whole idea of Nature is based on a total mystique of the brain forces that overcome us. And I would hate to dignify that by calling it mysticism. So I think that at the moment when somebody loses his ego for the first moment, that's what he gets into it is a result of his mysticism.



Exploring the spirituality of the young

and moral development. And that's the danger when someone goes off into the desert like Charles Merrell in California. He fasts and he takes drugs, and he gets the message that he's Christ or he's divine and it's definitely very disturbing. It doesn't make him a better person because he doesn't have the moral and intellectual structure to bring it to. On the other hand you take a young man the same age, who's been in a Zen monastery as a Zen student for months, or years. He has a guru, somebody helping him. He's been given lessons—let's been reading. He comes to his moment of enlightenment with all this preparation so that when he experiences it he knows what it is and he doesn't go crazy. That's the importance, the next we have, for some reason, and tradition to help young people, or people of any age, to understand and evaluate psychological experiences so that they don't go completely crazy.

**GIBSON:** Do you find that only on people you have met or conversations you've overheard? Obviously I mean rely on using the material, transforming it into fiction.

**OATES:** Yes, I get very interested in personalities, peculiarity of people who

seem to represent something culturally significant, like a character, a lawyer, people like that who are in the corridors of power. I'm fascinated by what kind of personalities survive there and what kind do not survive there and what kind cannot survive.

But I think that I create a fictional character who is, at the same time, recognizable and very real and in some cases based loosely on people I've met, sometimes my own experience. For instance, many of my friends of course we talk about our experiences. And I can work with the experience someone else has had, and then my own, and in putting them together, I make some kind of common experience. That is what many writers do in their own writing, I think. They're reaching the point where there's a definite connection between many women who have had the same experience. They've had these experiences with different people, different men, in different parts of the country, but it comes usually close to being the same experience.

**GIBSON:** What about the Women's Movement? Have you taken up your work, do they like it?

**OATES:** I think it varies with individuals. Somebody has done an article on my writing in terms of women's liberation, but I've not read it yet. Generally speaking, I've moved away from the politics of the Women's Movement, but I'm really sympathetic with its general goal. And recently, *Do What You Will* is dedicated to Patricia Barnett, who is Chairman of the International Committee of NOW (the National Organization of Women in the U.S.). She's a close friend of mine and an artist. So I have that connection and I'm very sympathetic with everything Patricia has been doing.

**GIBSON:** Certainly Elena, in that novel, is a good example. She marries her husband and also her father—but neither, too far that matter—they're not much concerned with her individuality. They are her in a doll.

**OATES:** I don't see what you're saying—that's extremely beautiful and extremely painful, and I recognized her with those qualities. Most women are not extraordinarily beautiful, nor are they that passive, but I think that one, some men, and some women themselves, would like them to be that way. So we are conditioned to be physically attractive, even though we might not feel like it, and we're conditioned to be submissive and passive even though that might not be our nature. So I wanted to deal with that strange phenomenon. I have known at least one very, very beautiful woman, who had been a beauty contest winner, and her life was made so difficult, impossible, simply because of this extraordinary physical beauty. She

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**FACE TO FACE** continued  
was not even that innocent as it. She was not vain: she was rather modest and plain. She always had, curiously enough, the sense of inferiority which many beautiful women feel. They believe they're not beautiful, but obviously they are and are rewarded for it. And this woman had so many experiences just because she was so beautiful, and men approached her, caring not at all for her, but for a sort of prize that she represented.

**GISSON:** Do you find the book weird, by that I mean prohibitive and elitist, means your work differently or is a potential way, because you are a woman?

**DATES:** It's difficult to answer that. I think probably there has been a kind of change in the way that women are viewed that had a great deal of sociological content. I did detect in the early reviews a slight disapproval of that. A woman is supposed to write novels like Virginia Woolf's that are all subjective, reflective, and not really much about sex, because in fact I have met many critics and they're not people. They may have had a bad day so they may be irritable, and so what they type out does not necessarily reflect how they really feel. So I don't think I'm too deeply, so I don't overstate anxiety.

**GILSON:** Do you think, apart from your own experience, that publishers treat women writers differently?

**DATE:** Now they do, yes. Now it's easier for a woman to get published, but that may not last. A woman with a first book of poems today has a greater chance of getting published than a man.

GILGOSCH: Because she's a woman?

**DATES:** Because there's a demand for it, I was at the Modern Language Association meeting in Chicago, where the bookellers have all their booths. I'm talking with publishers' representatives, and they said that women's autobiographies and women's literature are very popular right now, particularly in paperback. College courses are using it, and they can move this stuff off the shelves. Now a couple of years ago it was black studies and those books are no longer moving. So you can see that some of this is extremely commercial and a bid. I think we have a short period where women will have a very good, but then the game will start to close again unless we work to keep them open.

**GIBSON:** How would you describe yourself as a writer?

**DATEN:** Very, very succinctly, I think I'm a *psychological outsider* – I take the area of the human psyche, or mind, as the center of all experience of reality and I try to work with that. I don't believe in causation, or the kind of *scientific sense* that the French are writing. I try to stay within the human psychosphere. ☺

**SAFETYWAY** from page 50

Chadler's complaint, of course, but his comments, during times, with their long recitation of facts and figures, dates and incidents could not be ignored. In addition, there were two other factors that made the report so high on the list of really going to get groceries in the Fraser's (yes, even they had proscribed such alarm that a royal commission was set up jointly by the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the Government of Judge Mary Basten of Saskatchewan. In fact, after two years of the Fraser's *On The Fraser's Report on the Consumer Problems And Influence* (that was the official title, it's always called the Fraser Report) was published and it read fairly thus: "The dominant province of Canada Salford and the Western companies [the latter large firms] have been the cause of the unsatisfactory performance of the retail grocery industry on the Fraser's". The companies should be investigated under the Competition Act, the report said, and if by any chance they couldn't be ruled under that act, why, the law should be changed until they could be. Having said that, the Fraser's, under the Competition Act, was not much impressed by the Fraser Report — a straightforward and sometimes brutally frank document with none of the soothing circumlocutions so favored by the mandarin nation, not much of the

The second factor was a series of reports by an agricultural economist at the University of Alberta. Dr. Murray Hawkes said his students out to companion shop at Safeway stores in Edmonton, and they found a definite pattern: people in the poorer areas of Iowa were paying more for their groceries than those in the richer sections. This was not because of any inherent weaknesses of Safeway, where there was no competition. Safeway met its full grown list of minimums to secure in the poorer areas, but it was not able to do so in the poorer areas. Hence higher prices. Kind of odd when you think about it, unless you happen to be poor.

With the three pools, the government descended on Canada's railway (nothing dramatic, no shoot-outs at the cash register). Railway companies fully when court officers arrived bearing writs and began hauling away cars and fleet, seized nearly 10,000 documents, interviewed a squadron of witnesses and hired a special prosecutor, Patrick McCallery of Calgary, to press the charge in October 1972, of operating a monopoly. Protracted negotiations followed and eventually, last September, the government agreed to a settlement, paying down a number of limitations on railway in Calgary and Edmonton, and the criminal charge was withdrawn.



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### SAFETY — continued

So Charlie was after all. Well, no, not quite. The reason Safeway accepted the rejection was according to Eric Brackman, Advertising, Pricing and Marketing, Chief Manager for the company, that "we could live with it," and "to fight the thing out to court would have been disruptive to our business." He is put in it as Master, let's say, terms. Safeway's position atop the western food market is already so strong that it can hardly be dislodged, and it was easier to accept a mild curb on growth than to spend two years or so in a court battle whose outcome was uncertain.

I am setting all this down not merely to tribute to Charlie Murphy (although I rather admire the old general) but because of the light the Safeway case throws on some of the practices of grocery retailing in Canada.

Take Eric Brackman, Safeway's merchandise chief. For example, Brackman wants to make one thing perfectly clear and that is that "What they were charging us with was standard business practice, and nothing unusual or illegal." And again, "We grew from being all in a grocery store to a chain of merchandising operations. It's not the aim of private enterprise, to grow and make money? If you do a better job than the rest, you should end up on top dog." And, "In the first place, the government was going to charge us with forcing a consumer to drive up the price, but they couldn't prove that, so they changed the charge to one that we were driving out competition and said, 'Now we've got you buggers!'"

Brackman makes some interesting points. Here's another. Graham Murphy had told me that, while he was running his father's store, he had an arrangement with Brother's, a catering company in southern Alberta, under which he could buy large quantities of canned goods at a substantial volume discount, which helped him to compete with Safeway. For example, if Broads Discount bought 3,000 cases of peas, even at current prices, the store got a discount ranging from 30 cents to one dollar a case, depending on the market, because of the quantity bought; a saving of anywhere up to \$3,000 on a single order. But Brackman has bought out by another company called Kingway's Foods, and Kingway Foods turned out to be owned by Safeway. Overnight Graham Murphy said, his volume discount disappeared and his competitive position weakened. I put this example to Brackman as a suggestion that perhaps the Calgary battle had not been a fair one. He replied, "I frankly don't give one goddamn whoop is left what the Murphy says and thinks." But that was the facts, too. It was true, said Brackman, that Safeway had bought the catering company, but as to caring off the volume

discount, he wouldn't know. "I'm not interested in defending or affirming it, if you prove it, that's up to you."

I have some sympathy for Brackman, after all, here is the economic system taking him — no he isn't, anyway — to get on there and fight, scrap down the competitors take over the market and make off enormous profits — but as soon as you get really rolling along they come with criminal charges and you find yourself in a real trouble. My sympathy is somewhat checked, however, when I look back on the history of Canada Safeway.

Canada Safeway Limited is a wholly-owned subsidiary of Safeway Stores Inc. of Oakland, California, the second-largest food retail chain in the U.S. Canada Safeway was set up in 1929 in western Canada, and immediately began to grow, mainly by purchasing not only other retail stores but wholesalers and food processors. During its first 15 years of operation, it bought nine retail businesses (including Fry's, Wiggly (Canadian Ltd.), four wholesalers and two food processors. With this running start, Safeway grew to a huge, fully integrated grocery business, with control not only over its own supermarkets but over its suppliers as well. In wholly-owned subsidiary, Macdonald Consolidated operates a wholesale grocery business, bakeries, a fruit and vegetable plant, a coffee-roasting factory and a jam and jelly plant. Safeway has its own canneries, its own frozen foods operations, its own food milk plants, ice-cream factories, ice-making firm, cheese-making operations and its own beverages and egg suppliers. It even has a company, Waggon Equipment Leasing Ltd., which owns and leases the furniture, machinery and appliances used in Safeway stores and warehouses.

Today, Safeway runs 349 supermarkets in Canada — 39 in British Columbia, 92 in Alberta, 35 in Saskatchewan, 40 in Manitoba and 21 in Ontario, new territory for the company. Safeway policy has been to have its various subsidiaries pass on products at or near their own cost in the supermarkets, and that policy provided an enormous advantage. Canada Safeway grew and grew, while much of its competition wilted and withered away. A & P cut back in the west, Western's (under its various western labels, Labov's, OK, Name, L-Mart, Econo-Mart, Super-Vale etc.) came very badly dented, Dominion, Canada's largest supermarket operating under a single name (the Western empire is greater but uses many names) was driven out. In 1963 Dominion paid Safeway a high compliment, one aggressive capitalist to another: "We were clubbed by Safeway in no uncertain terms," said Thomas J. McConnaughy, vice-chairman of Dominion, continued on page 16



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## Safeway continues

men "They did it through saturation. We had a store at every X, and they ran every head-on in five places and took 10% from each night off the top of the sales. It was the worst mistake I ever made and the best deal I ever made was to sell the store back to Safeway."

Safeway's techniques in its scramble to privacy are set forth in loving detail in a document filed with a Calgary court on August 7, 1972, a bill of Particulars arising out of the monopoly charge.

The crown contended that Safeway "deliberately controlled" the retail grocery business in Calgary and Edmonton, selling between 35.9% and 63.3% of the total combined supermarket sales in Calgary and between 34.9% and 48.5% of the total combined supermarket sales in Edmonton for the period January 1, 1965, to October 18, 1972. It used its market position to drive out competitors. Safeway was able to surround other stores and meet their prices — as in the Ranch Discount store — locally only. The competition couldn't hold out as long as the food giant. It kept other stores out of shipping centres by restrictive leases (anyone building a shopping centre naturally wanted Safeway, the dominant supermarket chain, to open a store there. Safeway would agree only in condition that no other large food store be allowed in the same shopping centre). It worked under higher discounts than its competitors, sold products at below cost (the Particulars list more than 150 losses from Alpha Food, created Milk to Zero delinquencies which were all sold at one time or another, below cost in Calgary), refused to handle the products of even an indirect competitor (Safeway wouldn't sell bathroom tissues made by E. B. Eddy which is owned by Wertheim's, a noted "excessive" advertising promotional position in new areas by putting an advertisement before they made a concrete store, thus freezing out the competition, and generally made life hell for everyone else in the business).

The end result was not a bargain business for the consumer, says the crown says. "After a period of severe price competition during the late part of 1969 to May of 1970 during which period the accused made little profit and sustained some losses, the accused, through advertising and pricing techniques, succeeded in creating retail grocery prices — in return to a position where the accused now again making a substantial profit."

In fact Safeway is, on a comparative basis, the fastest supermarket in the land, in the period 1966 through 1972, it made a return on its sales dollar of between 1.82% and 2.62% about double Dominion's rate. The return on sales dollar is the figure supermarkets always quote, because it looks so fine, when a measure is that for every dollar's worth of

goods that crosses the counter Safeway makes more than 2% the return that a supermarket's shelves are loaded and capital several times in a year — and every competing remains a profit. The company's return on equity — that is the profit compared to the money invested — ran to 24% in 1972, before taxes, or 12.6% after. Between 1968 and 1971, Safeway increased its sales by about 40% and its profit about 71%.

Safeway admits some of the allegations including those that a planned shopping centres signed restrictive leases and competition prices only in nearby stores and "used significantly more" newspaper and television advertising than its competitors, but says that the reason it has done so well has nothing to do with controlling the market. "They tried to prove we were gouging customers, and they couldn't," said Eric Blackman. Instead, the company says, its remarkable efficiency allowed it to bring goods to consumers at low rates and still return a handsome profit. But what about the poor people of Edmonton who were paying, according to Dr. Murray Hawkins, an average of 2.4% more than the rest? "It wasn't that they were being cheated," said Blackman. "They were getting very good prices in fact, it was just that other people in other areas got an even better deal."

Safeway owns 42 stores in Calgary and 35 in Edmonton, more than all its competitors combined. It is the price setter, the word leader, the big fish. One Calgary food executive said, we be divided industry gatherings, they were "used to walk with Safeway guys and everybody kowtowing to them." The crown contention will not change things much. Safeway will have to cut back on advertising to limit its growth to one new store in each city during the next 30 years to adopt anti-trust pricing across each city for six years and to stop signing restrictive leases with shopping centres.

Safeway's Eric Blackman was quick to point out that the restrictions apply only to the municipal boundaries that now exist. If the crown's plan — in which we doing of a second act — why then, the wraps are off. That's what Blackman means when he told us, "Frankly, we would not have agreed to the restrictions if we didn't think we could operate under them okay." Or, as Ken Quinn, president of Harte and Pyle's Food Ltd. (which supplies K&M stores in Alberta) put it the restrictions were "like throwing a horse to a dog. I can't see much meat on it."

The Safeway says its restrictive from a number of years of war. It will as first of all, what promotes a large supermarket than lay down for to produce Canada Safeway, in accord with classical economics, see its first duty to be to

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take control of the market and instead say "Why? Well, here the economists start to differ. Under the theory of monopoly pricing—which is obviously what the government had in mind when it first drew its charge—Safeway's logic should have been to knock off the competition, pick up its prices and then walk off with the loot. But the crown was not able to show that that had happened, although Safeway did very well indeed at profit-taking time; it did not charge all the malls could bear. So the original indictment, which had said that Safeway was "party to a monopoly," to the detriment or against the interest of the public," was changed to read "to the detriment or against the interest of competition or others." But if Safeway didn't do all that pushing and shoving to squeeze up profits, what was it all about? According to Blackburn, the motive seems to have been mere inertia, to become top dog. But once it had become top dog, why go on?

Perhaps Safeway was abiding the decision of what J. R. Galbraith, the distinguished economist and sometime Canadian clerk, the "planning system" in his latest book, *Economics And The Public Purpose*. Galbraith argues that the major outcomes of most large corporations are full capacity, growth, promotion and efficiency, in roughly that order. If the company stops growing, the promotions will disappear, the leaders will rot and the executives will find themselves shouted aside. If Galbraith is right, Canada Safeway had to venture its line of supplies—which it did—into the market—which it did—and cause a sale that not necessarily the maximum rate of return. Continued growth was the key, and since not even Safeway could make people eat more, that growth had to come at the expense of competitors. The prices charged were simply instruments in that policy; had they been too high, competition might have flourished despite Safeway's other predatory measures. Had they been

too low, the U.S. houses might have been on the scene asking rude questions. (It is a matter of corporate pride to Canada Safeway that it runs its own stores, and makes a higher rate of profit than its U.S. parent.)

What all this suggests for the consumer is that the cutthroat competition which supermarkets so nervously tell us about is not likely, in the long run, to bring food prices down. In the shuffle for position among the food giants, the chief casualties are the independents.

The grocery chains spend a lot of money—just how much is the subject of fierce debate—on building each other. They do this through expensive promotions: they build more stores than they need, install fancier equipment than is wanted and lock up free parking, cheap credit and a host of other assets. In the end, most of these campaigns tend to be self-canceling, as soon as one chain does it another follows and no advantage accrues to anyone. Most of us would be happy to forgo the excuse. If Loblaw can convince us that "By gosh, the price is right," we will shift our shopping to that store. Then Stoney's will try to convince us that Minute Prices are better than Big Cash Prices and Dominion will campaign to promote the virtues of Deep Discounting and all the carts piled up, eventually, on the food belt.

Occasionally the competition flares into a price war, such as the one that racked Canada in 1978, but we gain little in the end. A study done by the University of Waterloo showed that while prices went down about 8% during that price war by March 1979, they were back to or above their former levels. Professor R. E. Olley, vice-president of the Consumers' Association of Canada, drew the moral: "Advertising by food chains and price wars are a sign of oligopoly, not competition. These resulted in self-canceling advertising. They result in an almost exclusive emphasis on very cheap well-known retail store promotions, which costs

are borne by the consumer."

The chain-store share of the market is increasing steadily, according to Canada's *Source*, the bible of the industry. Independent stores and voluntary groups accounted for 54.3% of the market and chains for 45.2% in 1967; ten years later, their positions were reversed: the chains had 54.5% and the independents 45.5%. Put another way, in 1977, 2347 chain stores accounted for more than half of our supermarket bill, and left less than half to 23,399 other stores. The trend is continuing; preliminary estimates for 1979 show the chains up another percentage point and the independents down. At this rate, before long the independents will be only a minor force in the market. If prices have come down as a result of this increasing chain dominance, world hasn't leaked out to consumers yet. The net result of price wars appears to be to cripple the independents and transfer the costs of the campaign against them onto everyone else's grocery bill.

Canada Safeway represents the ultimate working out of the trend: the nation's largest, a single chain coming to dominate the market. Other grocery store executives are impressed by Safeway's accomplishment; most of them would probably like nothing better than to emulate it.

Safeway's market battle in western Canada is likely to be repeated to the east, as the company flexes its muscles for expansion in Ontario. Anyone who regards that as good news hasn't been paying attention, because another lesson of the Safeway story is that the legislature designed to regulate competition is largely misdirected or inept. According to the lawyers who drew up the charge against Safeway, that company was in a monopoly position as long ago as 1965; it took eight years to bring it into court, and the end result was an injunction that probably won't have much lasting effect. Either Safeway was innocent of the charge—or in which case it was subject to needless harassment, the cost of which will turn up, as always, on the food bill (not all of it, of course, but all of Safeway's considerable legal expenses, or else it was not, in which case the law is merely useless. There have only been two convictions, and one guilty plea, on a charge of operating a monopoly in Canada, although the law was enacted in 1973.

I put this argument to an Ontario official connected with the Safeway prosecution recently and suggested that attempts to protect Canadian consumers against soaring food prices were bound to fail because the essential legislation was "ridiculous." The Ontario official looked hurt. "Not ridiculous," he said, "merely futile."

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DRYDEN (from page 38)

so any given player rarely has the puck in his possession long enough for a fan to complete the mathematical problem of contacting a member to a team.

After a game, a sportswriter will corner the Soviet coach, Viktorov Bobrov. "Don't you think [Vladimir] Tretiak was unbelievably good in the last tough, Coach Bobrov?" he'll ask. "The team did play well in goal," Bobrov will answer.

So with this obvious accent on uniformity I found it most encouraging that the subtle communitarianism of the Molnar was carried over into the 1972 series. It was a shy, discreet respect that might mean a nod during play, a shy wave on the phone back from the Van cover-up, a smile. It all seemed so natural that we would become fast friends. Under different circumstances we had many of the same interests and similar experiences. But it was totally frustrating, they were like people you knew well yet couldn't talk to. You got the feeling that all you needed to do was get an English teacher in three months and you'd have just another one of the boys. And knowing them better as people also meant I would know them better as hockey players.

I would get my chance, though far too late to help during the 1972 series. Doug Fisher of Hockey Canada suggested I join the Soviet Union during the off-season to study their hockey style and philosophy. Next time we meet I'll be ready. Perhaps.

Molnar was experiencing the type of summer that is expected for a city of almost eight million in the middle of a heat wave. It was unconventionally hot. Many of the younger people who are in protest camps, their parents, satisfying the statistics kind of Soviets to get back to nature, were sunbathing or working at their desks outside of the city. But construction was everywhere and the queues seemed as long as they had in September of '72 during my previous visit. Hockey seemed far away.

But there was still much talk about the series. Gary Smith of the Canadian Embassy taught me the difference between the official response and the public one. Initially, he said, the official response predominated. What was emphasized in newspaper and magazine articles was not the high comparative quality of the series — this was expected — but the media drama were peripheral to hockey. These would include Canadian players beating Soviet players, Canadian players arguing with referees and challenging officials. No point was made of Bobby Clarke's post-striking abilities, only of his intentional injury to Volody Khudakov.

A film called *Hockey Fever* (Hockey was shown at daily matinees in the Spectator) was shown at daily matinees in the Spectator.

continued on page 70

# "I had cancer. But you'd never know it."

—Christina Smith, Willowdale Ontario.



*Christina Smith is bright, vivacious and alive. The kind of woman you know is a terrific hostess. Six years ago she found out she had cancer. Here, in her own words, is her story:*

In the Autumn of 1967, on a routine visit to my doctor, he found a lump in my breast.

Naturally, I was terribly apprehensive, because I think everybody has a great fear of having cancer. But I was confident that, thanks to the advances that have been made in cancer treatment over the past few years, everything would work out alright.

I felt that if the breast had to be removed, it had to be removed. My attitude was simply this: I'd rather be here with one breast than not be here with two.

As it happened the lump was a cancer and the breast was removed.

It was a tremendous relief to have it over with and after the operation I recovered quite quickly. In fact, six months after the operation I was swimming. Today I feel just marvellous. I feel as feminine as I have ever felt and I'm busy doing all the things I did before the operation, like golf and tennis.

I would say to any woman who is reluctant to go to the doctor because of the fear of losing a breast due to vanity that she is being very foolish.

Having a breast removed does not change your life any way whatsoever. If you have had a happy marriage you will continue to do so. Family and friends accept it easily. You are not disfigured in any way because today we have breast forms that allow you to look exactly like everyone else does.

Out of all this, I think I've learned that you don't take life for granted. That we should just take things a little slower, a little bit easier and enjoy each other.

CANADIAN CANCER SOCIETY

# It hurts to go to bed hungry

Lin Yeh, Five 100 Home, Hong Kong

For a child, the difference between hunger and deprivation is a lot of deprivation. At five, you and I know of a special experience. All round the world thousands of kids will have not slept for nights who are thinking more of their next birthday celebration.

These children receive no money and no food — but have the reward of just what they need. Most are hungry and are thinking of their next birthday celebration.

This child receives a gift of \$10 for just 100 per month. You specify your child's place, money, education and others of the home or school, but the problem of deprivation. Letters are provided in our reports. When CCP of C is a national official and concerned and in person visits our 10000 children in more than 100 countries. Answered by the Chinese Tax Service Q. 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ual Documentary Theatre in Montreal long after the hockey season ended. Carefully edited film footage showed the Canadian way, then the Soviet way. For instance, Team Canada coach Harry Sinden was depicted behind the bench at times, amused and resting, sometimes grunting. Then the camera switched to the Soviet coach Boris Puk. Standing calmly beside the Soviet bench, foot up, elbow on knee, finger stroking his chin pensively. Then to Wayne Gretzky along the boards with his hat wild, marking and with the blades of his stick in a Soviet player's face. Then to Boris Mikhailov, close, merely making a check, calmly, may be sick to clearly, away the puck away from the Canadian player.

The other story was the public, remember, the people it serves. Most liked the series, especially the quality of play. Sinden told me that though and the writer he often came across kids playing their version of Canadian street hockey and pretending they were Phil Esposito or Vladimir in either as they were Alexander Yakovlev or Mike. And if you went to a league game in Moscow during the winter you would see them Soviet fans still wearing their Canadian jerseys and you might hear them yelling things like "That wouldn't happen if Esposito was here!" as a player fumbled an opportunity, as I said of the series. I learned that in the Soviet Union they play a match before every game, national or local, and it serves as a sort of "hockey players' union." Translated, literally, it's called *Cowade Zashit Play Working*, and probably says more about the hockey fan reaction to the game than any official version is capable of.

Yet despite the series, I felt before I saw about hockey, we were obviously in search of a game that had left us. The series I had hoped to see were involved in its final history at the Black Sea. Fortunately, though some of the people involved with the game had moved, people like Viktor Kharshchuk, International Secretary of the Soviet Ice Hockey Federation, and our official host and interpreter, Tall (as-far-two) thin, mid-thirties, with a bit of the Torgov, knew look so like, slightly, available. Viktor was nonetheless deeply involved with Soviet sports. I remember Viktor particularly for two reasons: one that he always wore a Detroit Red Wing tie clip (apparently a gift from Red Wing owner Dennis Naisner), and two, because Viktor assumes the "cosmetic" apologetic. He always speaks in his capacity as a federation official. Others of higher positions are afraid the history of strongly held personal convictions which may not portray the position of the group. Viktor avoids personal opinion and instead is very, careful while expressing the views of the federation.

I asked Viktor about the 1972 series. "You know," he said, "my brain many things. When it was this over, many people were not happy because there were too many accidents. We were very concerned about the behavior of your spectators and players (coughing). You showed us discipline. But before went to the Stanley Cup final and came back and told us that he had seen some of these incidents. He enjoyed the matches and he especially liked the Montreal Canadiens. He said that of all the Canadian professional ice hockey teams they played most like us. He said we think it is better to play against your club teams. Then the bosses (owners) will be able to control their spectators."

I also said I had been impressed with their commitment to a style of play that was decidedly not their own. Not Canadian at a time when Canada was recognized as by far the world's best. And I asked him why they just didn't copy our style.



Watch out next time, Puckies! Tell me

"Ah," he answered, "that would be too easy. We'd be Soviets playing a Canadian way and that isn't our nature. Now you take (Anatoli) Tarnov (who coached the national team before Boris) he saw all that clearly and when we were losing all those years to Canadian amateur teams he knew we were doing the right thing. This is the type of man Tarnov is. He is a very hard man. He can be a bit mean. But Tarnov is a smart man."

"Tarnov's favorite acronym is Bobbs, Hall, and in all his theories he used Bobbs, Hall as an opponent. I know that if it was used on that it would work on the best Canada had. Tarnov once told me 'Viktor' he said 'let us take a Canadian team with Bobbs, Hall. Give them the puck. With his ability and strength, give him 100 points.' He can't not be matched. But when Bobbs, Hall was back, he was only getting 45 points, and so too his right winger. And his defenseman perhaps only 30 points each. He was losing 250 points."

"Now take our team and give (Anatoli) Pines the puck. Pines is good but he is not Hall. Give him 70 points. But we play as a team, and so Pines's centre is not just following the play. He is a solid. Give him 60 points so too the

right winger. And give the defenseman 20 points each. Our total is 290 points. So sooner we get best team with one Bobbs, Hall or with many others."

And in reference to the amount of time it took the Soviets to come from obscurity to the top of hockey, Viktor again referred to a Tarnov anecdote. "Tarnov was talking to Ludo, Bukas, the Czech coach and he asked, 'Ludok how many years have the Canadians played ice hockey?' and Bukas pointed about 75. Tarnov then asked, 'Ludok how many years have the Soviets played ice hockey?' and Bukas said, 'yes, just passed about 25.'"

"You're wrong, Ludok," said Tarnov. "The Soviets work 11 months a year the Canadians seven or eight. We work three or four hours a day. The Canadians too. We work with great intensity all day, the Canadians do not. Yes, we look like we've played for 75 years too."

Anatoli Tarnov's mathematics notwithstanding, the Soviets have only been playing world championships since 1958. My own first experience of watching their style of play came when I was 30 years old. It was 1977 and I was watching the tournament in the family living room at the White Dwarfs, a defuncted Soviet national team 3.2 at Maple Leaf Gardens.

In goal was Nikolai Prokhorov and he was unarguably the played goal guardmanically and astutely, with none of the refinements and polish that distinguishes the great goalkeepers from the mediocre ones. In the 1977 world championships, he succeeded people by limbering up during half in play by putting his hands to the creaser, bracing himself and jumping clearly over the net back and forth.

As it is with all former athletes, none has made all things possible — for Prokhorov his shortcomings have long since melted away and are now disguised from memory. His angles have become legendary and in the public mind are reflected in the best Soviet goalie ever, despite earlier modern goalies such as Petrak and Viktor Kharshchuk.

I got to know Nikolai during several days we spent in Leningrad, where he coaches the city's Army Club which plays in the Soviet first division. He's in his mid-forties now, though he looks at least 10 years younger. The surely, however, he is clearly enjoying it as a style that isn't usually thought of as having an athletic nature to it. His face has few scars though he never used a mask in his playing days. Perhaps the all-time destruction of Soviet shooting — at least in the past.

When I arrived at the Army Club he was on the ice, coupling players, joking and yelling in a loud, deep voice, the voice of too many poor defensemen

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#### DRYDEN continued

and two more cold, damp nights. When he saw me, he immediately came over, apologizing for his poor English. Fortunately, I had with me Vladimir "Lada" Markina, our interpreter, and I was able to talk with Nikolai about his role in a top coaching position in a country where it is currently rare for old players to become coaches. And I well knew that in North America a goaltender has much less chance of earning a team than do players in other positions, presumably because it is thought that coaches play too "spoon feed" a position so undervalued in "real" hockey. I asked Nikolai whether he now feels lonely, isolated in the Soviet Union.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "But not for me. I was too good a goaltender. No one would dare criticize my selection to be coach."

He seemed most happy to hear that one of the NHL's best coaches in Emile Francis of the New York Rangers is a former goalie.

"And it is a good coach!" Nikolai added.

"Yes, very good."  
"It doesn't surprise me. You know, I think that goalkeepers are very intelligent men, don't you?"

I agreed of course. (The International Goaltenders Union is obviously very much alive and well in Leningrad.)

Puckline says his training program differs little from those of other coaches such as Behrooz and Vacheslav Starshinov, and like them feels Tatarov works his players too hard. And like them also he uses physiologists and psychologists to periodically test individual players. This, he says, gives him a better understanding of the games, he trains. One aspect of the Puckline system that fascinated me was his insistence on rating every player in an arbitrary, three-category system. Tatarov, he says, to improve the player's ability to understand and anticipate action, technique, for the ability to physically attack on the basis of hockey, such as skating, shooting and passing, and have a more abstract category, standing for Puckline's assessment of a player's character and desire to win.

"Most important in what you have inside [and he pointed to his own heart], the other things you can learn."

Khafatov and Epshteyn rated very good in all categories, but even the brilliant young goaltender was rated surprisingly low. "Technique good and will be better, tactics, only fair, heart I don't know. I think only fair." Puckline seemed almost apologetic for this condemnation, but when he tried to soften it by adding "Well, he's only a boy," he seemed even more damning.

Perhaps it was professional jealousy — the ultimate great taking one out to rise the new star — or it could be that Puckline was being his opinion on

those sub-par performances in world championships. And while Puckline would undoubtedly, that the young goalie played very well in the Team Canada-Soviet series, he insisted on adding that he felt Tatarov was much less effective in the last half of the eight-game series, that just played in Moscow.

"A good goaltender does not give up goals in close games or at the end of games," he said. "I think both And very often."

We also discussed the great strides the Soviet Union has taken in hockey, allowing them to come so far in so few years. "We have not improved as much as you think," he countered. "You see it in your opinion of us that has changed. We always thought we were good, but it is not now you have come to realize it."

"It's not bad, but you Canadians are just not progressive," he continued. "You are the same old the most very conservative, very rigid, very structured."



A Soviet view of Team Canada.

You will do all the things that you did back when I was playing. Your style has only a very few things that we should use. Like the character you show when you play — very strong, very consistent, very masculine. We have used too much on technique and tactics. We must build up our strength, since your strength from our style. But if we reach some strength with our strength — with our tactics and techniques, we will win.

"You know, if you Canadians had Tatarov as your coach you would never lose a game." He paused as if he thought then smiled and added, "No I've changed my mind. If you had Tatarov for a coach you would all go on strike."

We talked about Canadian training methods, and I gave him a general outline of the year beginning with training camp in September and ending with the Stanley Cup playoffs in May.

"And what is your program in summer?" he asked.

"Well, that's all up to the individual."

"You mean you do not train as a team for three or four months?"

"That's right."

Puckline just shook his head and grinned. "I guess that makes us more professional than the professionals."

I got to know two of the better known "professionals" — Vacheslav Har-

shinov and Aleksandr Yakushev — through a meeting arranged back in Moscow by Viktor Khafatov, one of the Soviet Ice Hockey Federation. The Soviet team was back from their dry-land training and Yakushev set up a lunch with the team's physicians, Starshinov, that was played in Moscow.

Twenty six-year-old Yakushev arrived first. Four weeks in the southern sun had deeply tanned his ruggedly handsome facial features. I guess he is the biggest of the Soviet players, but he seemed fresh, shorter and much slimmer than he appeared on ice (perhaps I remembered him in larger than life because he had scored four times on me during the series). I suppose Canadiana remember him so well because they tended to see him in their own image of what a hockey player should be, big, rangy with a hard shot, a fluid and graceful skater. While there was occasionally the suggestion that the other Soviet star of the series, Vacheslav Khafatov, was too small to withstand the rigors of a full season in the NHL, there was never any doubt that Yakushev would hold up.

Starshinov, who arrived shortly was a player whose style belonged to a previous era of Soviet hockey. While he was a physicalist, very strong, very physical, almost rough, unlimbered, modern Russian players emphasize speed, mobility and finesse. I can remember Starshinov from his days in the Soviet Union in 1968, a player whose main merit was tireless work. He was very self-assured, and, unlike other Russians, not at all surprised by the concourse of the 1972 series. He saw no weakness in the NHL, no more that existed upon his own realization he had seen. If you asked Yakushev if he would like to play in the NHL, he'd jump at it. If you asked Starshinov he'd say, "Why would I want to play there when we can play good ice hockey in my own country?"

Nonetheless, Starshinov was very aware of the NHL. "In Mr. Melien told the owner of the Canadiens?" he asked me. I told him that the team had been sold to the Canadiens who own Séguin's Canadiens.

"Ah," he said. "Accepting it in the family I see."

"I suppose so." I said. "Perhaps sometime the team will be sold to the Soviet Union's Vodka Company."

"You wouldn't want that?" he countered. "They you'd never win."

As a coach ("master of the table") Starshinov was acting in his manner and the tables began to turn. He was more frequently, and they weren't more minds, often being of considerable length, sometimes almost such as "May the Team Canada-Soviet series be the first of many comparisons between our two countries and may they be held in our own country."

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And sometimes unanticipated. "To our wives and families who in our work we have to live so rarely!" (Hardly wonder the track lasted from 1 pm to 4:45 pm.) There were only two choices, with which to meet: straight vodka or mineral water. I like Yakobson; chose the latter. Sturshinov looked puzzled.

"I have heard much of the Canadian reputation for drinking," he said. "I can get you drink mineral water. You know, in the Soviet Union we have a saying: 'If you can't drink vodka, you can't play hockey!'"

Yakobson was very quiet. When he had been outgoing, and eager before Sturshinov arrived. I now had to ask him specific questions to get even short answers. He did open up a bit about the Team Canada series, telling me how much Phil Esposito had impressed him, and he expressed great admiration for Bill White. He also asked me a question.

"Why do you have so few small players on Team Canada? You have Cournoyer, Purcell and Skapetich, just that they are, ah, well. They are not really small!" I told him that NHL scouts look for the too-fast-two 200-pound players and often the smaller players thought very good, go unnoticed.

"But how can that be?" he persisted. "I mean then they would have moved players like Khitarov and Mikhailev. So, does not make you strong or give you ability. I think it is better to have players of all sizes, because then you have players who can do many things well. If you have too many big players, then your team is too slow. You need a variety. I think there is a player for an Esposito — a Khitarov on any team. No — I am wrong — there isn't a player, there is a need for him!"

I asked Yakobson what he did when practice was over. Both men laughed and then Sturshinov said: "They just go home to rest."

Yakobson (taking anger replied: "Only some days. Other days I go to class at the institute." (He's wearing completion of his degree at the Peda gogical Institute in Moscow.)

It seems all Soviet players have some form of activity that exists apart from hockey. I discussed this at one point with Alexei Flanovsky, the coach of Soviet Union Team, and he said, "In the Soviet Union a profession is very important. It gives the person a status which nothing else can give. We do not consider sports a profession, so a sportsman must do something else."

This is a belief carefully cultivated by the Soviet press; they realize it is perhaps the final distinction separating between their amateurs and our professionals. One of the featured examples of

this occurred during the series, when Phil Esposito was widely quoted in the Russian newspapers as saying: "The Soviet team is made up of excellent sportsmen, and I don't believe that Sturshinov and [Boris] Mayakov both graduated from the Moscow Institute of Aviation and Technology." To someone who knows Phil, this sounds vaguely continued to see the last.

Yet it is widely accepted by the Soviet public that this is in fact not true, even though they do realize that hockey must be very time consuming. I remember asking our Moscow guide, Irina, whether she thought most sportsmen were also students.

"Oh yes," she answered. "But it is very difficult for them. After all, they train 12 to 15 hours a day. As students they must work so hard they become weak and pale, so it is difficult for them to live as sportsmen."

People naturally believe that this great commitment to time and activity is justification enough for hockey players' losing favorite loves. The average Soviet woman earns about 130 rubles a month, a good organizer earns 180 rubles; doctors and lawyers might get 250 rubles; and generally receive slightly more ("because of the danger," says Irina). Hockey players, however, as well as such other sportsmen as gymnasts and soccer players, and also music performers and ballet dancers, earn around 400 rubles a month and on top of this bonuses for victories in international tournaments.

On top of the great salaries there is also the professional treatment. Apartments are cheap for anyone, perhaps three or four rubles for one room. And for four rooms it might only go up to ten rubles — if you can get them. Hockey players can. To get a new car requires waiting for up to five years. Unless, of course, you are "special."

But Soviet hockey players are no different from Canadian players. If players have other jobs or avocets, they do only as a sideline. Soviet sportsmen never do anything on players that derive out their loss of the ice. Because players lead such open-ended lives, there is little interaction with other groups. The people have no way of knowing anything different.

When I asked Flanovsky the coach why Sturshinov, the graduate engineer would stay on in hockey as a coach, the writer merely smiled then said: "It's really very simple. You can't be a better Sturshinov has always been very special, first as a player and now as a coach. He could never be Sturshinov, ordinary engineer. I think it is the same with Canadian sportsmen, is it not?" I nodded. He smiled. "Yes, we are not so different as we are able."

That's all I needed to know. ☐

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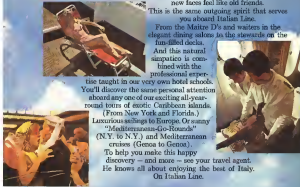
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showed him, it was the realization that he was getting the message of Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and others on one of Her Majesty's advisers.

As they would say back in Essex County there is no "talk" to Gene Whelan. On a flying trip to St. Catharines, he took obvious delight in having a breakfast Queen's lunch on far his way by the Ministry of Transport, but he worried about inconveniencing the pilot, did his damndest to get in to the airport at the appointed time, and when he was finally allowed, apologized to the pilot for holding up the return trip. "Some criminals," noted one of the pilots, "keep you sitting around for five hours after a scheduled takeoff, then cancel the flight and leave you hanging."

Whelan's obvious empathy for others, his willingness to listen and learn, and his direct approach are his strongest assets. In many ways, he is a very ordinary guy. He lives in a modest bungalow, much of which he built himself, and recently drove a 1989 Dodge walk-in. His three-level, daughters' and worries about money. Like most politicians, his campaign left him heavily in debt, and his awareness of a \$45,000 salary is being used to catch up on the backlog. During the week, he lives alone in a modest apartment in Ottawa, and on weekends he comes home to catch ball from friends, neighbors and visitors — friends like Fred Rink, who are not going to be put off by what Whelan calls "household material," a limited product.

So he decided to level with Fred Rink and in about five minutes destroyed his breakfast roll and Fred's friends. Food prices are not as high as people think, said Whelan, but compared either to other countries, or to other costs in Canada. And if they are edging up, it's not the farmer who is to blame. Maybe, if business was better, a little more wheat they shipped. They could have some money, and maybe if they weren't so fond of convenience foods and fancy packages, they could save some more. But in any event, he Gene Whelan, was not going to support any measures that would cut prices to farmers. Farmers don't make enough as it is, this is just beginning to catch up after decades of subsidizing consumers through cheap food. In fact, if the food was up, farmers would be getting a lot more money — and they would have stable incomes, just like plumbers or teachers or auto workers, and if that meant that the price of food went up some more, well, so be it.

It was a bad day for Fred Rink, when Whelan stopped talking like a politician and the result was more than when he stuck

the last time we had a federal minister of agriculture who stood *for* farmers for farmers was when Abner Hamilton led the parliament during the Deliberation years. By almost every measure, Hamilton was a spectacular success. Whelan may be another.

Not that he is much like Hamilton. Hamilton is a westerner, a school teacher, a man of wide reach and long years. His specialty was — and as MP for Qu'Appelle-Moose Mountain is remains — the capacity to warm over a subject, to encourage, to draw grand conclusions. Whelan is an earnest, a

vegetable farmer, a man without much formal education. He is, as Hamilton was, "exactly what you see a typical Saskatchewan farmer with an inner cunning, but not a bad guy."

Just the same, there are two characteristics that Hamilton and Whelan share a coincidence with some impact for every Canadian. In the first place, Whelan, like Hamilton, is passionately family and forever on the side of the farmer. Otto Leag, who is the minister responsible for the Canadian Wheat Board, in the other cabinet member charged with agricultural policy is a law professor, a

speechifier, a technocrat. "He talks to farmers," says Whelan. "So if he was the teacher and they were backward guys," Whelan talks to them as they were backward. Many agricultural spokesmen add the policies, some distort his advice, note details his dedication or sincerity.

Another shared trait is the predisposition both Hamilton and Whelan have for increasing growth, rather than restricting supplies, as a way to boost farm revenues and give them some form of multination Agricultural commerce complex, full of such words

as "supply management" and "optimum yields," but really these are only two main schools of thought the Gowers and the Benets. For some time now, the Benets have had control of the farming policy of most western nations and they have treated plantings taken in the land one of production played under crops when they get too good, paid farmers not to do their job. In Canada, in 1970 the government established Operation LIFT — Lower Inventory For Tomorrow — which paid farmers to reduce wheat plantings and resulted in a crop 150 million bushels

smaller than it might have been. Hamilton charged that such a program was "immoral," and Whelan, then a back-bencher, wrote letters to every member of the federal cabinet, protesting. In 1972, during a three-week period in June, Canadian postmodernism was paid 10 cents a bushel to slaughter 1.4 million hogs, because egg prices were too low. Seven eggs were selling for a dollar a dozen.

Whelan is a bit better. "I don't accept that it is right to let a farmer to destroy a crop or not to grow as much as he can. It's his own job for thousands of years to grow things, and now, in a starving world, the experts tell us to let go. I can't accept that."

As Whelan says, if the farmer is caught in a dilemma, if the crop is good, proven, and he barely scrapes by if the crop is terrible, prices are high but he has little or nothing to sell.

Instead of measures to support prices, he wants better marketing, through national marketing boards instead of commodity pools of glut and scarcity. He wants modern governmentized storage facilities, so that crops can be released as required, instead of forcing farmers off the land who 1968 federal tax force on agricultural policy recommended displacing two out of every three Canadian farmers. He wants decent stable prices to keep them on the land. Whelan would like to have the Canadian Wheat Board under his portfolio (it is now an adjunct to the Justice Department). He would like to have foreign food exports when they threaten to put Canadian farmers out of business, and he would like to see Canadian farmers (including, like machines, lawyers, doctors, pilots etc., "Why not? Why should a guy who doesn't know anything about the business be allowed to come in and operate as efficiently as he will and wreck things for others. I'd tell the doctor who he would be a professional farmer to get lost."

Name of his supporters will under Whelan to consumers — or indeed, so his own government. He doesn't mind, the Canadian farmer's new threat has always been in trouble.

Excerpt Frances Whelan was born on July 11, 1924, at Armstrong, just outside Windsor. One of the fifth of nine children of Charles Whelan, a dairy farmer in 1921, when Gene was almost seven, his father died of cancer. He knew he was going to die, so he sold his herd, and used the sales he received for it as collateral for a bank loan to provide for his family. The Depression struck the farmers, who owed him for the cattle couldn't pay, and the bank came back on the Whelans. The family was living on Mother's Allowance (not the federal family allowance, which didn't exist then) but the provincial allowance ended



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WHELAN continued

able to occupy windows and deserted mother), which came to a princely five dollars a month for each child under 16, and all nine were under 16, so their income was \$45 a month. Once a month one or two of the Whelan kids scooped down to the bank with five dollars to cover the interest on their debt.

The Wheelans were poor but cheerful. Gene had a happy, homely neighborhood with his brothers, played hockey and football (despite a brace he wore to correct a hernia) and got into trouble at school. "His marks were no hell, and I was happy. In one class the teacher made me sit at the front, so he could hit me with a ruler without having to grip!"

As each child reached 16, the Mother's Allowance was cut off, so they went to work. Gene worked as a machine operator and millwright. He was quick and intelligent, and the company he worked for wanted him to return to school to study engineering. "I said 'You're crazy. I'm going to be a farmer.'" When the family debt was cleared, and he had saved enough money, he bought a tractor and then harvesting equipment to do custom work. He went into the business of harvesting other people's crops for a fee, a business that didn't bring in much money, and led to painful decisions. One morning too close to an ear-blasting sweet corn picker.

Whelan got his own farm by a fluke. It was in the heartland, having a beer and two Setban fellow who had come down from the north or somewhere and daily said "Why don't you buy my farm?" I said, "I don't have no money," and he said, "Who said anything about money?" So I bought it, and didn't pay a nickel on it for a year. Whelan never found out what realtors pushed the Setban into such generosity that he would let go 125 acres of good, though

poorly worked land for nothing down. Whelan knew a bargain when he saw one, and by dint of hard work and shrewd management not only saved the farm into a paying proposition, but expanded it to an eventual 220 acres of berries, soybeans, corn and peas. Since 1961 the farm has been operated by his brother Tom.

Like his father, who had been wanderer of the county, Whelan combined farming with politics. His Dad was a Conservative, but mother issued to the Liberals. But Gene couldn't forgive the Tories for the Depression, so he joined the Liberals. (His mother, Mrs. Frances Whelan, now 81, would Regan in the fall of 1972, where one son, Ed, is an NDP MLA in the Saskatchewan legislature, then the flow to Ottawa for the opening of parliament. She reported to Brian Outhome, Whelan's special assistant: "These fellows all sound pretty much alike.")

Whelan was elected to the Anderson Township Local 88 No. 3 and 4 Board when he was only 33, "on the sound ground," he explains facetiously, "that I wasn't married, didn't have any kids, and didn't know nothing about schools." He became a township controller, and more, and then overruled himself in 1969 when he ran provincially, and lost to a Conservative. The setback did not deter him, he had built a strong base in the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, the Ontario Winery, Wheat Producers Marketing Board and the crop movement. In January 1962, he was elected to his father's old post, warden of Essex County. As a municipal politician, he met, over one who knew him then, "rough, shrewd, and a bit of an opportunist. He was terrible at getting money out of senior governments for roads and bridges — which the farmers needed

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MAIL AFF. LO

## WHELAN

He knew the Municipal Act better than most big-city mayors and he wasn't afraid to make enemies.

Last this week, he was federally defeated. Dick Sheehan, former national organizer for the Conservatives and now in parliament. His seat has never been seriously threatened since in part because he gained a quick reputation as a hardworking MP who stuck by his constituents and his principles.

Become he ended to be. Sheehan was passed over for a cabinet post, despite his ability and leadership in the Liberal caucus. "I wanted to be minister of agriculture, but I wouldn't beg for it, so I didn't get it," just the same. Everybody in Ottawa knew he wanted the job. In 1965 at the Liberal Christmas Party, Sheehan, standing in line to enter the Confederation Room, complained about that "My wife doesn't understand. François' cabinet shuffle. She doesn't understand why he's got some of those guys where he's got them." Suddenly he heard François' familiar voice over his shoulder. "And where does she want you, Dick?" Sheehan turned and grinned. "Home," he said, and pushed on.

His experience as a backbencher confirmed his popularity to experts, big shots and bureaucrats. According to Douglas Fisher, then an NDP MP, "When Gene first arrived in this town, he was pretty overwhelmed by some of these people, with their big titles and long degrees and so forth. He didn't have much education, and he was inclined to look up to them. But then when he saw some of the foot ups that occur and some of the things that are done, he soon found out that he was just as smart, even if he didn't talk as well. It had a profound effect on him. He began to push back things."

Some of the pushing was done again as his own government in November 1971, when an income tax change was proposed which would have hurt credit unions and co-ops. Sheehan charged head on. After railing against the change in many during caucus meetings, he rose in the House to charge that the new law had been drawn by experts who knew nothing about farming, co-ops, credit unions or taxation, and threatened to quit. "It is more difficult to get rid of a civil servant than a backbencher, because top civil servants are here forever and backbenchers come and go like the wind. If we put this legislation in its present form, when the backbencher goes, he will go in the dirtiest storm you ever saw." He was, and the change was scrapped. But he was even further away from the good graces of the government.

In fact, he is the first to acknowledge his elevation to the cabinet was almost an accident (he commended the Prime Minister for his "coziness" as sub-

## YOUR VIEW

### You might well ask

In our house there are many old Reader's Digests and I often pick one up to read the hilarious bits and try out my word power.

However, I haven't brought one out since 1969. It was then I realized that the articles were all random selections from other American or Canadian magazines or articles but that they were carefully screened. I have read many an article on Vietnam in other American publications, and I would safely say that at least 1950 were critical of the war in Vietnam. Not so the Reader's Digest. In the last two years before I stopped buying the magazine, I had yet to see an article in that magazine that did not treat Indo-China as a sort of Holy Grail. It is curious that I am looked at since, I could see no change. The Pentagon was conducting its work for the good of all people in a very laudable manner.

The purpose of this letter is to ask why such a hostile opinion of the American military should be treated as a Canadian exception?

GORDON ROBERTSON, WALLACE, NS

### Like it's bad, you know

I am writing to ask whether it is absolutely necessary to pepper the remarks of John Aksoy in *The Reader's Digest* (September) with "that sort of thing"? I mean we've all got our favorite phrase and maybe the interview tapes don't lie (oh, no!) but like he said it all times, and that sort of thing isn't the sort of thing that makes good reading, you know. I mean, isn't that what editing is all about?

ELIZABETH PAUL, DON Mills, ONT

### From the Wasp's nest

Thank you for publishing the article by Robert Thomas Allen, entitling "Wasp" (December).

There seems to be little bad news for Wasp these days, yet they were good solid citizens who helped to build this country and are still contributing to its growth. On a TV program about a month ago the hosts on CBC were discussing the fact that most of the members of company directors are Wasp. How did most of them get there? Their grandfathers and great-grandfathers started small businesses and by dint of hard work they prospered. There is something wrong with that. We have all benefited. I for one, am proud of being a Wasp.

D. M. GRUBBS, PONDICIA, ALTA

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ing him out. Every other federal farm spokesman of stature was defeated in 1972, and Whelan got the portfolio by elimination.

He began at once to press for a better deal for "my farmers," regardless of politics, parties or provinces. First, he attacked "spoiled" consumers for their gripes about food costs. "The cost of corn, fat costs, housing, booze, travel goes up and who gets excited? Nobody because they don't buy these things every day. Peasants go up a few cents a bag and, my God, everybody's crying."

Then he attacked the role of economists, bureaucrats and other experts on whom, at the long run, he is heavily dependent. "All my advisers told me the prices were going to level off in June but they didn't."

Then he attacked the press, food processors and supermarkets for the food rip-off. "If anybody ever created an environment for rip offs by unscrupulous meat packers, millers or bread manufacturers, whatever they actually have created the environment for them because everybody has it in their mind now that food must go up and you and I both know that when those jumps 25 cents a pound there's nothing but a goddam rip off in that store. That's all a scammer to."

Perhaps it takes more than brains for experts, faith in farmers and disregard for the rules of English to make an outstanding minister of agriculture, but I have a hunch Whelan will make it anyway, given the climate. He has the essential equipment — confidence, humor, toughness and an instinct for politics.

He is going to need all these assets, of course, because he faces severe problems, including the hostility of many western farm spokesmen. "His government is out to destroy the Wheat Board," claims Manitoba Agriculture Minister Sam Clark, "and Whelan hasn't raised a finger to stop it."

Which brings up another problem: Whelan is not a moving force in the Privy Council. As one of the senior officials in his department puts it: "Treasury is surrounded by technicians, economists and dealers. Whelan doesn't work well in that area. He has a tough time getting his arguments across." It got that quiet to Whelan and he nodded.

Finally, Whelan is not popular with consumers. After all, he is telling us to stop whining about food costs or at least to drive our whiskies away from the farmer and waiting on that, if he has his way, food prices will go up, not down.

He makes some credible points. Canadian farmers get only about \$2.80 out of every eight dollars spent on Canadian-produced food, and have not had the lion's share of price increases. Between 1961 and 1972, consumer food in-

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(continued on page 80)

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Wavelength

A Toronto traveller, a couple of nights, found his confirmed hotel reservation cancelled. The Tel Aviv airport representative, to whom he was paying a call on the phone and finally in a room nearby, says the customer was ... "This type of employee we all see, but here."

## WHELAN continued

pendents increased by \$4.2 billion, but net farm income went up only \$318 million — less than one quarter of the jump in 1971, the latest year for which income tax returns have been analyzed. The average farmer who made enough to pay taxes received an annual income (including income in kind) of \$5,969, compared to \$39,555 for doctors, \$27,682 for lawyers and \$7,156 for all business employees.

What's more, while Canadians pay only about 10% of their disposable income for food (lower than most nations) until last year wages rose faster than food prices and we are still in a better position than we were 20 years ago. In 1953 a factory worker earning the average hourly wage of \$1.36 took 35 minutes to earn the price of a pound of round steak. By 1973, at a rate of \$3.43 an hour, he earned the steak in 31 minutes.

If there are rip-offs, they take place past the fence gate. The man who grows

your turkey gets less than 91 of its retail price. Farmers who grow vegetables under contract have, according to a National Farmers Union study, been paid with static prices for more than a decade (the average price for beans in 1972 was actually lower than the five-year average price in 1960-64), and yet another study, by the Minnesota Department of Agriculture, showed that whenever cleaned up on the pork price hike it wasn't the farmer. Between December, 1972, and August 1973, the producer price for dressed pigs increased by 24 cents a pound while in supermarkets it rose by 40 cents. The average hog cost \$1.30, a total of 45 cents; boneless loins went up 52 cents; boneless smoked hams by 66 cents; and another bacon 72 cents.

Against this background, Whelan argues that if there is to be a transfer out of food prices it must come from the middleman, not the farmer. If farmers don't get better prices, he argues, "they will get out of business. Every day, 10

farmers across Canada quit the land. Why should they go on working for next to nothing?

last in leaving the Food and Agricultural Organization meeting in Rome. Whelan was suddenly called home for an important cabinet meeting; he was immediately dubbed "Cincinnatus," and that was a double-edged stick since Cincinnatus was a Roman senator (the title of the four-volume history) in the face of the Secretary of Agriculture who was called back from the farm on two occasions to put down the first barbarians and then the Roman plebeians. But Whelan revelled in the title, making would-be plebs from now on have to watch out for a few months to coordinate food production and marketing systems in Canada. Given that power, the Secretary of Agriculture would make sweeping changes, which would bring us more food but at higher prices.

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## SOUTH AFRICA (from page 25)

of 30, Kari seemed to aim some of his knees directly at me. "When I hold one of my hands to the white noise to come, his wife will nudge him to wake him from the dream — so I have to grab his hand before he withdraws it." All I could dream about was sleep and additional sleep within the dream. But Kari pressed through every dream time zone between Jo-hang and Vancouver to choke my hand.

Despite a lot of hard music and its extreme length, the play did come across as a valid statement of human dignity. But in watertight intervals my red to dramatist's hand suggested cuts to manageable length, and I squirmed on the hard seat, glancing guiltily sideways at Mrs. Gendreau to see if she'd noticed my surreptitious trance. During the mostly purple passages I'd wonder if there were psychiatric police to the

want, is one example. Skin shades were cleared to make Sowers possible; but in the event of any black rebellion the advantages of having them in one place are obvious.

There are also "South Highlands," and even within the republic, "hurdle" in their separate development by the South African government. These black lands, larger in area than England and Wales, are located mostly in poor agricultural regions. They are self-governing to a degree, but not permitted to send out foreign ambassadors, make trade agreements and the other appurtenances of a sovereign nation. Whites control the South African economy in all respects, not the government make the decisions, and above all possess a modern efficient army and air force.

The near ambivalent attitude of whom toward blacks seemed to me personified by a white doctor I met in Johannesburg. He was about 40, a generalist at the 3,600-bed hospital outside the city. We got along well together conversationally. He took me on a condensed tour of the huge hospital and, like Soweto, and his thoughts turned to vent from one moral extreme to the other: "We are the stunk of the world because of apartheid," he'd say at one moment. In the next breath: "I feel personally guilty about it."

"But a few minutes later: 'The blacks are near savages, just a few years away from murdering each other. In fact, look at the killings in Soweto. Every day at the hospital we treat people from there, killings, beatings and dozens of assaults. When you see as much of that as I do, you realize blacks are still savages, that they still live on a different cultural

"All right, what about the six million Jews murdered during the Third war? What's that?"

Which gave the doctor pause, but only for a moment. Then he launched into another monologue of justification for anesthesia.

European relations with the blacks nearly began in the 17th century. When Jan van Riebeeck established a vocational station at Table Bay (now Cape Town) in 1652 to supply the Dutch East India Company with provisions, the African hinterland was populated only by wandering tribes of Bushmen and Hottentots. The Bushmen were Stone Age people in succeeding centuries they were nearly completely exterminated by the Dutch and the Boers. The Hottentots were in country to the northwest and in the Kalahari Desert. The Hottentots were even more fragile and unwarlike than the Bushmen and could hardly be used for heavy work and cattle herding. They were nearly exterminated by the Boers. Eventually they became part of the more than two million colored, along with Malays and East Indians, living in

The Bantu were and are a different batch of berrandees: a warrior race, born and bred to the spear. In the early years of the last century when voortrekkers (predecessors to North American covered-wagon pioneers) were migrating north from their lair for land and also to escape from the atrocious rule of the English government in Cape Colony, the Bantu were migrating south from the Great Lakes region of central Africa. The bloody collision between voortrekkers and Bantu took place east of the

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## SOUTH AFRICA, continued

prominent figure, of course. Clive van Buren, who performed the world's first heart transplant, is a national hero. Their writers, too, are among the best. Nadine Gordimer, with whom I acquainted on the hard chairs of Witwatersrand University, is in the first row of seats in world lit. The lenses are obvious, both black and when have something to fight for and against. The country works but part of the truth is gold and the hole of winning.

Danbury beauty is a Johannesburg hotel room with a black fluted balcony. Its floor is covered with raised horizontal ridges from a tribal childhood and a liquid voice as if he holds and teaches words in his mouth like colored stones to construct a sound made very different from my own. He is a person, talking about his true substance working wage, his intention to leave Jo-hann and work in Kruger National Park, and talking about murder in Soweto over the long Christmas holiday of peace on earth and good will toward man.

His name was Solomon, came to be born black and yet possessing a youthful faith that "things are going to be better" than I am too cynical or too old to easily believe. He has no strong religious belief, but the part of knowing he is a man and the bewilderment of struggling to overcome the handicap of being black in his own country. Talking with Solomon, I had the fantasy feeling of walking a small flow in the deep, unbroken, a purified state of laws, making them slightly less efficient, weakening the legal superstructure by civil disobedience. Or doing nothing, say, but feeling virtuous about it.

After a few weeks in South African cities, despite the marvelous climate and picturesque country, I began to have a very depressed feeling. And a kind of pain, muscular, telling, that I am trapped in Africa and will never escape.

I'm being too clever talking about it, of course. But the pain is real. My senses note the deep isolation. I've convinced myself that something is about to happen, that something is going to happen. For the country wastes itself out of the listening to screams on night streets crashing glass and hopeless anger. It is murder in Soweto over the weekend. And yet a man's violence that is frightening, when each day comes the calm expression of both blacks and whites will return. Each to his own of the other that to lose pain and fear would be a deprivation too great to bear.

Whenever the darkness of evil and conspiracy of gold which I feel over both able to clearly, or great words on to adequately, it becomes briefly clear on the streets of Johannesburg. And I've stretched out my hand to and drawn into myself. And take it with me.



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## For our singers sadness spells success

There's a poetic quality to this big, empty country that has meant more to musicians than to other artists — in terms of monetary success, anyway. It gives them a shared loneliness, a world and business built to their needs that audiences hunger after, as if they have somehow learned to give pleasure through a delicate shattering of pain.

Musically, we're probably best known for our great soul singers — Neil Young, Jon Mitchell, Leonard Cohen and Gordon Lightfoot — all artists whose music relies as much on life as on melody. They have in common this ability to touch other people's minds, and if the environment made the artist, the artist made it: suddenly music has substance, right into the palm of his hand. There's a huge, rich world out there there than willing to invest in our heartrending sadness.

Yet these four — the best known of a fairly large group — have something else in common as well: the musician's great dilemma. Do you scramble for international recognition and suffer the hassle or do you hang back, keep it all in perspective, and, hopefully, end as "lone cats"? These four chose to scramble, hoping the calm would follow. For Jon, it seems to have worked, from what little we know. But Cohen got out and went back to his Greek Island retreat. Lightfoot somehow managed what we supposed to be impossible — he slipped off here and made it away. Neil Young, however, has not been so lucky.

Young has become an expatriate, a creature of California. If he's any happier, it's to whether money and fame bring happiness, the new Canadians start who aspire to replace him had better take heed. Neil Young can't handle it. He lives, guarded by dogs, in a refuge on his ranch. No interviews are granted. The even shows away from the recording studio, and as for live performance he'd rather not. But a living must be made. So he killed two birds with one stone by recording his latest album live, and it suffers from the experience. *Time Fades*

Ralph Cox is assistant editor of a national rock publication.

*Away* (Reprise, MS 2151) offers sloppy mixing, often flat vocals and a sad lack of Young's usual repetitive guitar.

Even so, laid down by the lead weight of the music, the exquisite, melancholy lyrics have persisted. And if you ignore production blunders, you'll discover a nostalgic and frighteningly personal portrait of bridges burned and lives gone by — in *Canada Trapped* in his Los Angeles alternative, Neil Young's public life holds little joy. As in the lead track, *Don't Be Denied*.

"All that glitters can't gold / I know you've heard that story told. But I'm a prisoner in a metal cage," a melancholy through a businessman's eyes."

The New Guard of Canadian musicians should listen. Already waiting in the wings are those *musée d'art* (so the rest of the world) talents — Bruce Cockburn, David Wilkins and Murray McLaughlin — and all three have recently released excellent albums which may decide their tomorrow. They share most of the same qualities as the Old Guard of the States, the loneliness and introspection, the confidence for solo work, and strain on lyrics. They all study the same emotions: the old against the new; nature against technology; the fragile against the brutal. It's a struggle perfectly captured in the cover of Cockburn's new album *Night Vision* (Fire North, TN 11). It is a reproduction of Alex Colville's famous painting, *Horse and Train* — 1954, and shows, in the style of the naive realist, a horse galloping headlong toward a locomotive hurtling through the night. The outcome is chaos.

Cockburn seems to have opted out of the struggle for big success. For the past many months he's lived in a camper with his wife and dog, drifting the last of this country. Yet while his previous three albums have stressed gentle country tones, this one is moodier, darker, almost only inspired. His strength at times seems one of hopelessness as in *You Don't Have To Play The Music*.

"You don't have to play the horns / Life's a gamble all the time / I don't take much to make you lose sight / of the object of the game."

It is a despair unlike Young's, though, in that there's none of the hysteria. Cockburn isn't a world go-round, but at least he has perspective, and there's an inner calm to his music that can only come through an acceptance of things the way they are. Neil Young wants them the way they were.

This same issue of acceptance can



Neil Young (far left) scores market on

his found in *Canada Trapped* (Fire North, TN 11), the first major album by Cockburn's friend, David Wilkins. (They once played together in the commercial rock group Thirda's A Crowd, and Cockburn acted as producer for this new album.) Wilkins, who has spent a good part of his life wrangled around his thumb on Canadian highways, has captured the bitter-sweet emotions of the wanderer as well as anyone has done before him.

One of the songs on the Wilkins album was written by the member of the New Guard who will probably be the biggest, Murray McLaughlin. He toured recently with Neil Young, and the demands from the south for the McLaughlin sound have put him to drift outward. And there's irony, because if you examine his new album, *Day To Day Drive* (Fire North, TN 14), you'll notice that things have already begun to sour. Take *Harmonies Of Change* for instance.

"Storm, Storm, I want the world and I need to call / The spine of the world deserted for a bloody fall / For Moody gold they kill the land / Leave no place for herborn man."

There's a hint of acceptance with their words that is missing in the Neil Young album. Unlike the horse in the Colville painting, all three of our new song iterations appear to know what will happen when the train arrives.

### PARADE

That the *Edmonton Journal* is dedicated to accuracy was shown this past January when the front page story kept referring to a fence writer storm as a "fence-blizzard," despite the storm off of the north wind from right off back in the evening minutes. The following morning, the 50 cars that were drenched, winds of 45 miles per hour and a temperature of 23 degrees.

The writer noted the classical definition of a blizzard — of six hours duration, with visibility of less than half a mile, tempera-

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FILMS / JOHN HOFFESS

## A tradition of missing the point

In 1933, when Hollywood studios were releasing such straggling sound films as George Cukor's *Destiny At Eight* with Jean Harlow, Roscoe Arbuckle's *Queen Christina* with Greta Garbo, Lowell Sherman's *See How They Run* with Mae West, Norman Cooper's and Ernest Schoedsack's *King Kong*, and Leo McCarey's *Dark Soap* with the Marx brothers, to name a few, a Canadian film invested a whopping \$300,000 in a black and white, silent film, *Gerry On Strangers* with a cast of unknowns—who stayed that way. Marketing errors are always costly, and the history of Canadian film-making is comprised almost entirely of ill-timed flops.

That it is, 40-odd years later, when the last great, hit-budget film is *Last Tango in Paris*, The *Exorcist*, *American Graffiti*, among others, the Canadian film industry comes up with a \$1.5 million production *Allen Thander* (starring Dean Cain, Richard Gere, and Chief Dan George) which precisely begs for defeat. What Canadian producers, distributors and sponsors want most to suffer from is an assemblage lack of imagination. They seem singularly incapable of discerning up a 1980 *A Space Odyssey*, a *Soyuzniz*, an *Exorcist*, something bold, breathtaking, controversial. Something with guts. Something to turn filmgoers on.

The director of *Allen Thander*, Claude Fournier, does know how to make money. His 1970 film *Des Filles Pour Les Dieux* (or one of Quebec's recent offerings, made as unprecedented \$2.5 million in that province alone. It's been estimated that one in six Quebecers saw the film. After seeing *Allen Thander* most filmgoers

are likely to wish that Fournier had stayed in bed.

The original story and screenplay by W. O. Mitchell (whose name by request has been removed from the credits) was further adapted by George Mukko. It is reportedly a true story, albeit where it happened at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, about 40 miles from Saskatoon, which depicts the last act of the Cree Indian rebellion, before their spirit in an entire people was crushed for nearly a century.

A young Indian, Almighty Voice, is recruited by the RCMP for intelligence work during a long winter, far from his family. While he awaits trial in the stockade, one of the officers drunkenly jokes about hanging him in the morning. Almighty Voice escapes and, when captured, kills one of the officers. A minor incident thus escalates into a major one. *Allen Thander* is a prolonged misanthrope, lasting some 19 months, the film ends with a certain resignation of the Indians, using scenes and atmospheric elements, missing away at Almighty Voice and two accomplices, and leaving the thought they were hanging in.

The film overflows with a lecture on overtone, for the event is noted to stirring martial music, and noted to show strong under of satisfaction on the faces of the RCMP officers, while the friends and families of the three doomed fugitives (who die a mass "cattle" death, using stopped horses and slowed motion) look subdued and depressed. There isn't much of a movie here, but there's a helluva moral, and presumably that's why the people who made the film think they've done something important.

There are lots of true stories about the RCMP and Indians, even stories about close and tender friendships. But those stories wouldn't do, they wouldn't fit the form of certain currently fashionable ideas and modes. The film's intention to impose the motives and behavior of the code, red-winkered, while men with his British accent and imperious technology, and to communicate with the Cree Indians with their lovely, single film, leaves one with a stupefied dictionary of no intellectual pleasure. *Allen Thander* does not ask any original questions, and coming after *Soldier Blue*, *Leslie Bur Men* and others, it has nothing new to say. It has some words, including fine cinematography by the director, and a fairly good period look (although at one point when Dean Cain's character says, "What are you, a goddamned prospector?" it didn't sound like dialogue



Margaret Kellie in *A Quiet Day In Belvoir*.

from the 19th century) but the world is unlikely to bear a path to the film's clichés.

A considerably poorer New Canadian film is *White Noise*, a short film by David Foster (the carrot-haired killer in *Alfred Hitchcock's Psycho*) and Vancouver actress Margaret Kellie. It was shot in Belvoir and Kellie, with the lead of desperate desperation and skill that makes its \$300,000 budget yield a movie looking as if it cost at least twice that figure. Besides it not an exception to the rule, there is something fishy at the heart of the movie, something true and transgressive, but at least he knows enough to keep the show moving, and he shifts strong performances from ratty to the end.

Here's a Canadian film that for an appreciable change has success. But not "success" as perfectionist ideas, and is interested in social and political issues. But within *Code-Guy*, *State Of Siege*, which, much to its credit, took a broader view of left- and right-wing groups, and seemed to understand of both sides. *A Quiet Day In Belvoir* is essentially a superficial study. Looking beneath its view (it takes a post-colonialist approach to the militant Chicanos and "Protest" in defense of Belvoir) and its condemnation of violence (which the film depicts in graphic violence). Violence sells tickets in the notion that the truth are underneath it all, a quiet, invisible people, with charming fallacy, and wouldn't it be better if they were up there, exploring and away back to getting bombed on whiskey and shot in the pub instead? Where the hell was it tomorrow's dog race?

If you made a little sense as many film-makers apparently believe, you wouldn't even. They center for insight, which remains true, either *Allen Thander* or *A Quiet Day In Belvoir* knows anything about, and thus their products are just another minor loss in the war.



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## Standing room only on the prairie circuit

People who talk about the death of live drama should visit any of the prairie cities in midwinter. Almost the entire season of the Citadel Theatre in Edmonton is sold out in advance.

The Manitoba Theatre Centre has been going since 1968, longer than any regional company in the country. It probably has the best facilities, too. The Globe Theatre in Regina is probably the poorest, but among the most adventurous. The plays I saw ranged from vintage Brecht to new home brew, and every place was packed.

Most of the established theatres (established is anything over five or ten years old) have had their share of ups and downs, clashes between artists and boards of directors and swirling changes of personnel. Eddie Gilbey was artistic director of the Manitoba Theatre Centre four years ago, on left and came back last season, on far right. John Herdley, artistic director of the Citadel, took over the Citadel only recently. He doesn't seem to be getting the same flak on account of his nationality as Stratford is for hiring Robin Phillips. Edmonton isn't Stratford, of course. On the other hand, John Herdley is far better known and respected.

Both the Globe and Theatre Calgary are run by Westerners. Harold Baldwin is a registered Alsatian. He came back from the States to rescue Theatre Calgary from an epoch of nihilism and ineptitude. Art classes had stopped, the theatre it seems were bankrupt and its offices, along with costumes, archives and everything, burned down. The budget in 1980/1981, double the Globe's, set the year on fire. Baldwin had to scale down his season after he announced it. His counterpart was the premiere of a Canadian historical drama, called *Wabab*. The theatre received some extra cash to celebrate the centenary of the Mountain Playwrights' Season. Pellock's *Wabab* has some hard things to say about the. Members viewing *Spring* felt back into the U.S. But the play is also about the resistance of a regional official made to conform to an

inconceivable enemy by Ottawa, a drama that Calgary audiences understand. There are not many founding fathers (or mothers) left intact. Ken and Sue Kramer founded the Globe in 1966. They are still running it as a tight family unit. The company recently moved out of the Saskatchewan Centre of the Arts and into their own premises in an abandoned hotel building in downtown Regina. They constructed a 200-seat circular stage on the ground floor, and since there are only 1200 regular subscribers a play runs for two weeks. The Globe is a poor theatre. In Toronto it would be an "alternative," like Tarragon.

Yet Kramer was casting new Canadian plays — such as Carol Bolt's *Buffalo Army* — before it became vogueish. He opened the new Globe halfheartedly with George Rego's *The Fantasy of Rex* for which Eddie Gilbert won't do, he says, because the Royal Winnipeg Ballet has been playing it as a ballet. This season the Globe is claiming another first: the English-Canadian premiere of Quebec playwright Robert Grosse's *The Trial of Mr. White-Monroe*.

In this day and age of Canadian nationalism it takes courage to ignore the immense support by our own playwrights in the past few years. Eddie Gilbert has cut courage, though he is showing signs of giving in. "I have to do things my own way, and I am coming round to it," he mirthfully. The MTC has been so successful that it has to run its own "competition" in a central marketplace. When I was there, the Canadian Mirror Theatre was making a month-long visit. The season, restricted by a \$35,000 budget (out of the MTC's total of \$175,000) includes Harold Baldwin's *Winter Mink* and *Mr. White-Monroe*. A year that Gilbert had no "corner round" in time to give the Canadian resistance a decent production on the main stage. His subscription audiences are treated instead to a couple of half-originals, two adaptations done by the man who founded, nurtured and in a sense re-created the MTC — John Herdley. He has directed simply *The Dybbuk* and will be doing last in the season, *Flight*. *Drive*, a vaudeville show, before taking up a fresh crack in the new head of CBC TV drama. When Herdley arrives he seems to lay the company into his warm, bawdy presence. Gilbert stands discreetly in the background, almost revering to the assistant he once was. Courtesy of sets is one of the strengths of the Manitoba Theatre Company.

In contrast to such familiar fare,



John Herdley is never really out.

Calgary is bursting with dynamic new groups. There is the new Factory Theatre West which director Gary Engler insists is not just a branch plant of its more famous Toronto counterpart, though he has yet to prove it. Kenneth Dylis is events coordinator for the civic Pantheatre, where he is producing a number of Canadian and particularly local works. But the most seriously of them all is Alberta Theatre Project, which started almost two years ago on a LLP grant and has established itself with tours throughout Southern Alberta. While Theatre Calgary could barely afford *Wabab* as its single new play this season, Douglas Risk of the ATP believes in doing only Canadian plays. There are three of them this winter, including one new commission from local playwright Paddy Campbell. ATP performs in a picturesque setting at the Canadian Open House in Heritage Park, a reconstructed historical village in Calgary. It was in this log cabin that I watched a packed performance of Tom Herdley's one-act, *Fifteen Miles Of Reddy Glass*.

### PARADE

How can carrying a rabbit's foot possibly be lucky, some people used to ask. It obviously didn't do the rabbit any good. Well, asking a magazine business doesn't necessarily make it so, either. At last report, Canada's answer to Playboy and Penthouse was close to folding, after two years, with editors lined up three deep trying to get paid. Gone was the \$1,000-a-day incentive sale at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Toronto; gone was the female chauffeur; gone were all the Canadian ladies that used to lounge around the office hoping to be discovered, one way or another. And gone, too, was publisher-editor Jack Waff's dream of Success. So much for a Canadian creator fall.

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## Isolating a theme in our fiction

Often, when I sit down to write a column like this, I think about the task I'm trying to perform. I am what Northrop Frye calls a "public critic." By that Frye means one who reads and thinks about literature and "shows how literature is related to society." I suppose Frye is referring to a responsible book reviewer's duty to mediate between the author and the reader, to create a relationship of interest in which books become accessible, rather than to explicate them.

All through this kind of "public critic" is concerned with individual books and individual writers, books and writers exist within a society and a tradition. There is a Canadian literature, after all, and that's why some of the books, when Frye would term "anecdotal" because they describe and order books so as to fit them into intellectual schemes, perform a real service in providing us with an overview of writing in our country.

Margaret Atwood in *Survival* and John G. More in his new book *Patterns Of Isolation* (McClelland and Stewart, \$4.95, paperback) provide us with such an overview, although there are limitations to this approach. If a critic takes an issue, and tries to explicate a dominant ideology, he always runs the risk of broadening the concept so that it no longer describes something that is specifically Canadian. Margaret Atwood rightly insisted that her picture of a literature based on the urge to survive didn't apply to all Canadian writers; she failed to recognize that it had applied, since Moore's great recent epic *The Odyssey*, is really obviously an *Canadian* version. And while John G. More shows that the "pattern of isolation" can be used to describe a great many Canadian novels, he fails to take into account that isolation is an even more universal theme than survival. For only people who do not fit into society, and who are in that sense isolated, are the subjects of novels in any language.

But what I find most disheartening about these structural approaches —

however many they might be, books like *Patterns Of Isolation* may provide — is that they mask the real variety and individuality of Canadian writing. We are not merely victims of a survival complex, or classical idealism. We are also individuals showing, perhaps because of our common Canadianism, an impossible differentiation of approach and vision.

This truth leads me to ask why I look at the half-dozen novels I have chosen to mention in this column. They have some things in common: language and period and territorial setting. They are not as different as chalk is from cheese. But they are as different as fire from Cheddar, and each deserves its own review.

*Take Away Under The Arctic* by Basil Jackson (McClelland, \$6.95). It is an environmental novel about a future close enough to worry us. A giant, nearly automated submarine sinks the first voyage under the ice of the Northwest Passage with 60 million gallons of oil in delicate machinery malfunctions; it hits a submerged iceberg, and the oil spreads through the Arctic and down toward New England. The author's aim is to warn us of the dangers of ecological irresponsibility, which means that action is crude and character is two-dimensional. Unfortunately, this kind of book rarely does much more than preach to the converted, so anti-environmentalists are likely to read it, let alone be persuaded.

*Goodbye To Blue* by Simon Conway (New press, \$3.95) has a good measure of the psychological complexity *Age Under The Arctic* lacks. It deals largely with racial issues. Thorton is descended from a British father and an Indian mother and rejected by both men. He escapes from both India and Britain to Canada, where he is no longer isolated by prejudice although still psychologically alienated. When he becomes partially blind he leaves his wife and babies in a remote farmhouse, intending to commit suicide, instead he takes up with a local girl, develops a Mesquite complex, and imagines he has committed a murder which he can take pride in. This is a novel of isolation if not right, but also a compassionate study of growing racism, threatened by dazzling bursts of nature, including the most and portrait of the characters and pretensions of Canadian romantics I have yet read.

*Kingpin In Country* by Tom Arden (Doubleday, \$6.95) is a baroque James Bond, with an impressive plot in which a disgraced Missouri banker himself by faking a conspiracy to kill Kennedy in Vancouver. It has all the elements of the readable thriller — in-



John G. More: a more cultured threat

cluding a shy, nervous hero who stands where the bigness half.

Each of the other three books I chose to review is accessible in its own individual way. Irene Baird's *Wise Heritage*, first published in 1939 (Macmillan, \$3.95), is a harsh, harrowing tale of the day days of the Depression when Vancouver was the setting of anger and violence.

There's little resemblance between Irene Baird's hammering prose and P. K. Page's *The Sun And The Moon And Other Poems* (Anansi, \$7.95). This book, first published in 1966 under a moon de plane, is a fantastic novel about a girl who unconsciously robs her entire lover of his genius. It is published with eight short stories which are only in poetic comedy and the pattern of day lives.

Finally, there is an intricate and haunting novel called *Lord Nelson Tavern* by Ray Smith (McClelland and Stewart, \$6.95). The tavern is a meeting place for students who, as lovers, are and often repeat, living on their fantastic lives and deaths towards equivocal union with the girl, Sarah, daughter and lover, who in the end, sets in a universal reconciler. If there's a mood, it seems to be that only the unative life is worth living, and if, as I do, you appreciate self-writer's decision, this is your number cup of poison.

### PARADE

When Myron Turner was fined \$20 early this year for shooting an end on Prince Edward Island, he pleaded no guilty for the only reason he could find — ignorance of the law. Not an uncommon plea, but unusual when the accused has proof, as Turner did.

He was so taken with his ball, it seems, that he immediately took the bid to the resident game warden to be nullified. The warden shared no compassion.

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